









# MADRIGALI

C A N Z O N I

(Ninth Thousand)

BY

T. A. DALY

Illustrated

BY

JOHN SLOAN

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*The Laggard in Love.*

Page 20.

# MADRIGALI

BY  
T. A. DALY  
,,  
AUTHOR OF  
"CANZONI" and "CARMINA"

PICTURES  
BY  
JOHN SLOAN



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## PROEM

### TO A CORRESPONDENT

*MY favorite poet? I'm afraid  
You'll sneer at my selection;  
And if "a poet's born, not made,"  
It may deserve rejection.  
'Tis true his puny stature shows  
The lines that he is built on  
Much less heroic are than those  
That moulded*

Milton.

*I grant you may with Byron's fame  
Crush my poor bard's to jelly,  
Or dim his rush-light in the flame  
That wreathes the name of*

Shelley.

*Behold him, too, in thought or style  
Not even Burns' or Blake's peer—  
Poor pigmy piping many a mile  
In rear of*

Shakespeare.

*Yet not for any one of these  
Great names that loom above him  
Would I exchange those qualities  
That make me fondly love him.  
I love his living heart that sings  
And makes my blood flow faster;  
I love so many little things  
Of which he is the master.  
I love his ardent joy of life,  
And, faith—as I'm a sinner—  
I love his bairns, his home, his wife,  
His appetite for dinner.  
My favorite poet? I'll rejoice  
And tread this old earth gaily  
As long as I can hear the voice  
Of*

T. A. Daly.

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# M A D R I G A L I



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## PASQUALE PASSES

**R**OSA Beppi she'sa got  
Temper dat's so strong an' hot,  
Ees no matter w'at you say,  
W'en she's start for have her way  
She's gon' have eet; you can bat  
Evra cent you got on dat!  
Theenk she gona mind her Pop?  
She ain't even 'fraid of cop!  
Even devil no could stop  
Rosa Beppi w'en she gat  
Foolish theengs eenside her hat.  
Dat'sa why her Pop ees scare',  
Dat'sa why he growl an' swear  
W'en he see her walkin' out  
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout'.

Eef, like Beppi, you are com'  
From da countra nort' of Rome,  
You would know dat man from Sout'  
Ain'ta worth for talka 'bout.  
Ees no wondra Beppi swear,  
Growl an' grumbla lika bear.  
W'en da Padre Angelo

Com' an' see heem actin' so,  
He's su'prise' an' wanna know.  
Beppi tal him. "Ah!" he say,  
"I weell talk weeth her to-day,  
So she stoppa walkin' out  
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout'."

Beppi shak' hees head an' sigh.  
He don't theenk eet's use for try,  
But da Padre smile an' say:  
"I gon' speak weeth her to-day."  
Pretta soon, bimeby, he do—  
Only say wan word or two—  
But so soon as he ees through  
You should see da Rosa! My!  
Dere's a fire from her eye,  
Cutta through you lika knife.  
She ees mad, you bat my life!  
But no more she's walkin' out  
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout'.

Beppi's gladdest man I know  
W'en he see how theengsa go.  
"My!" he say, "I am su'prise'  
Church can be so strong an' wise."

“Yes,” say Padre Angelo,  
“Church ees always wisa so.  
All I say to her ees dees:  
‘Rosa, I am moocha please’  
Dat at las’ you gotta beau.  
He ain’t verra good wan, no;  
But you need no minda dat  
Seence he’s best dat you can gat.  
So I’m glad for see you out  
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout.’ ”

## SPRING IN THE BLOOD

IF, when spring is in the blood,  
('Tis of Irish blood I'm speakin')  
All the peace o' bachelorhood  
Glad ye'd be to be forsakin'  
For the hope o' joy that lies  
In a pair o' sparklin' eyes  
Wishful to possess ye,  
Take your chance o' paradise  
An' Heaven bless ye!

If, when spring is in the blood,  
Grosser appetites awaken, .  
An' ye feel a thirst that could,  
Maybe, bear a little slakin'—  
If to clear your throat o' dust  
Mountain-dew will ease ye, just—  
Sure, I'd never chide ye.  
Take your tipple if ye must,  
An' Wisdom guide ye!

If, when spring is in the blood,  
Weary on your toil, ye're wishin'  
You could wander through the wood

Where the other lads are fishin';  
If such sport as ye could know  
Where the Irish rivers flow  
Waters here can lend ye,  
Seize your day of pleasure; go,  
An' Luck attend ye!

If, when spring is in the blood,  
Play-boy pranks nor eyes o' woman  
Stir your heart-strings as they should,  
Faith, ye're somethin' less than human!  
What ye need's another birth;  
Though, indeed, 'twould not be worth  
All the trouble to remake ye.  
Fit for neither heaven nor earth,  
The Divvil take ye!

## N A R C I S S U S

ONE night, while yet the wold  
Lay dormant with the cold,  
I flung the casement wide  
And, pausing ere I drew  
The outer shutters to,  
A lovely thing espied—  
A thing of precious worth,  
A bit of heaven in earth—  
A star in water.  
Beneath the rose-bush bare  
A rain-pool glassed it. There,  
By its own beauty glamored,  
It poised above the brink,  
Flashed down and seemed to sink  
To darkness, self-enamored.

That vision of delight  
Oft walked my dreams at night.  
Lo! now 'tis fructified!  
This morning when I rose  
And scanned my garden close,  
What marvel I espied!  
A wonder of new birth,

A bit of heaven in earth—  
A star in blossom!  
Beneath the rose-bush bare  
It braves the chilly air,  
With beauty's self to bless us;  
Spring's herald true! Behold,  
With horn of gleaming gold,  
The heaven-born Narcissus!

## THE BLOSSOMY BARROW

**A**NTONIO Sarto ees buildin' a wall,  
But maybe he nevva gon' feenish at  
all.

Eet sure won'ta be  
Teell flower an' tree  
An' all kinda growin' theengs sleep een da  
Fall.

You see, deesa 'Tonio always ees want'  
To leeve on a farm, so he buy wan las' mont'.  
I s'posa som' day eet be verra nice place,  
But shape dat he find eet een sure ees  
"deesgrace;"  
Eet's busta so bad he must feexin' eet all,  
An' firs' theeng he starta for build ees da  
wall.

Mysal' I go outa for see heem wan day,  
An' dere I am catcha heem sweatin' away;  
He's liftin' beeg stones from all parts of  
hees land  
An' takin' dem up to da wall een hees hand!  
I say to heem: "Tony, why don'ta you gat  
Som' leetla wheel-barrow for halp you  
weeth dat?"

CHAPTER 10  
CAMPING.





"O! com' an' I show you w'at's matter," he said,

An' so we go look at hees tools een da shed.  
Dere's fina beeg wheel-barrow dere on da floor,

But w'at do you s'pose? From een under da door

Som' mornin'-glor' vines have creep eento da shed,

An' beautiful flower, all purpla an' red,  
Smile out from da vina so pretty an' green  
Dat tweest round da wheel an' da sides da machine.

I look at dees Tony an' say to heem: "Wal?"  
An' Tony he look back at me an' say: "Hal!  
I no can bust up soocha beautiful theeng;  
I work weeth my han's eef eet tak' me teell spreeng!"

Antonio Sarto ees buildin' a wall,  
But maybe he nevva gon' feenish at all.

Eet sure won'ta be  
Teell flower an' tree

An' all kinda growin' theengs sleep een da Fall.

## THE WISE MAN O' BEAUFORT

I MIND the day I went away, away from  
Beaufort town,

With passage money in my purse, but little  
else beside

These two strong hands I meant one day to  
lay on Fortune's frown

And twist the fickle face of her till it was  
smiling wide.

Not there among the Kerry hills could such  
a task be done,

Not there where freedom's self had slept  
five hundred years and more,

With each day, from the rising to the setting  
o' the sun,

As like the one to follow as the one that  
went before;

Where young men trod their fathers' heels  
contentedly and dreamed,

Nor ever strove for greater wealth or  
knowledge or renown

Than blessed the master o' the school—John  
Kearney—who was deemed

The wisest and the richest man in all o'  
Beaufort town.

With hopes and fears these many years I've  
toiled in foreign lands,

And cheek by jowl with Poverty trudged  
on behind the plough,

But these two restless hands o' mine, these  
bare, work-hardened hands

That plucked the frown from Fortune's  
brow are filled with money now.

And knowledge deeper than the kind that  
ever scholar read,

Or master ever taught from books in quiet  
study hall,

I've gathered through the passing years  
within this grizzled head,

All ready there for instant use whatever  
need may call.

Small wonder, then, that I, for wealth and  
wisdom widely famed,

Would smile a pitying smile betimes at  
thought o' the renown

Of Master Kearney there at home, that all  
the neighbors named

The wisest and the richest man in all o'  
Beaufort town.

To-day I roam where once was home. Back  
here in Beaufort town  
I walk the old, familiar ways, but, O!  
the bitter change;  
For out o' tune with everything I wander up  
and down,  
A stranger to the neighbor-folk, whose  
very speech is strange.  
The great wide world I fought until it  
yielded me its gold  
Has put its mark upon me, and it will not  
let me rest.  
I look with sorrow on the hills that never  
more can hold  
Contentment for the restless heart that  
beats within my breast.  
And so for all my wealth and fame, for all  
my presence here,  
John Kearney o' the little school, who  
prates of verb and noun,  
And has no care for anything beyond his  
narrow sphere,  
Is still the wisest, richest man in all o'  
Beaufort town.

## THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

EF, mebbe so, you gotta wife  
Dat's good as mine to me,  
You weell be glad for mak' her life  
So happy as can be.

Las' fall Carlotta tak' my han'  
An' maka me so happy man;  
Wan year to-day she ees my mate,  
An' so to-night we celebrate.  
You theenk I would forgat da day  
Dat pour sooch sunshine on my way?  
Ah! no, I gona lat her see  
How kinda husban' I can be;  
How glad I am she ees so true,  
How proud for all da work she do.  
An' so for mak' her work for me  
More easy dan eet use' for be,  
An' show how mooch my heart ees stir'—  
I buy a leetla geeft for her.  
  
Carlotta got so pretta hair,  
I buy her som'theeng nice for wear—

Eh? W'at? O! no, ees notta hat;  
Ees som'theeng mooch more use dan dat.  
Eet's leetla pad, so sof' an' theeck  
An' stuff' weeth wool, dat she can steeck  
On top da hair upon her head,  
So lika leetla feathra bed.  
Eet sure weell mak' her feela good  
W'en she ees carry loada wood;  
An' mebbe so eet halp her, too,  
For carry more dan now she do.  
So mooch weeth love my heart ees stir'  
I buy dees leetla geeft for her.

Eef, mebbe so, you gotta wife  
Dat's good as mine to me,  
You, too, would try for mak' her life  
So happy as can be.

W'E N K I T T Y K A N E  
O B L I G E S

O H! youse kin talk erbout de style  
Mis' Patti useter fling,  
An' how she'd make youse cry or smile  
To hear de songs she'd sing.  
She may be all de highbrows claim,  
She may be great fur fair,  
But Music is an open game;  
It ain't no solitaire.  
An' dough she played to one night stan's  
W'at panned out t'ousands clear,  
She never got no round o' han's  
As honest an' sincere  
As shakes our Social's clubroom w'en  
We pass de woid along:  
" 'Sh! Mister Mackin's lady frien'  
Is goin' ter sing a song."

My lady frien'! Her steady gent!  
I sit down be her side,  
A-playin' her accomp'niment  
An' boinin' up wit' pride.

Me concertina seems ter know  
De woik it's got ter do;  
No udder time de notes would flow  
So musical an' true.  
An' den she starts ter sing. O, boys!

I would'n' miss a note  
Uv all de melted tears an' joys  
W'at ripples frum 'er t'roat.  
An' foist me heart seems choked an' den  
It's jumpin' good an' strong  
W'en Kitty Kane, me lady frien',  
Obliges wit' a song.

"De songs My Mammy Sang ter Me,"  
Dat dere's my favoryte;  
A pooty song it is, an' she  
Kin sing it outer sight.  
Foist off she goes a-warblin' t'rough  
De laughin', jinglin' rhyme,  
An' den, no matter w'at youse do,  
Youse can't help pattin' time.  
Den suddint comes de solemn part—  
Her sweet voice trimbles so,  
It builds an ice house 'roun' yer heart  
An' tear-tanks overflow.

An' den yer back to eart' agen,  
A-cheerin' loud an' long,  
W'en Kitty Kane, me lady frien',  
Obliges wit' a song.

O! Kitty Kane, how long! how long!  
I'll on'y be content  
W'en youse have sung yer weddin' song  
Ter my accomp'niment.

## THE LAGGARD IN LOVE

O H! Giuseppe da barber ees crazy weeth spreeng!

He's no good een da daytimes for doin' a theeng

But to theenk of da night an da tunes he weell seeng.

Alla time w'en som' customer gat een hees chair,

He's so slow weeth da shave an' weeth cuttin' da hair,

Dat hees boss ain't do notheeng but grumble an' swear.

But Giuseppe no care

For wan blessa blame theeng,

But to play mandolina

Where som' signorina

Weell listen at night to da love-song he seeng.

Com' Giuseppe da barber last nighta too late  
To da house of da Rosa an' stan' by da gate,  
An he seeng like Il Gatto dat cry for hees mate.

Soocha playnta love-music, sooch cooin',  
sooch sighs,  
Soocha sounds from da heart—an' sooch  
looka su'prise  
W'en he leeft hees face up an' stare eento  
my eyes  
Lookin' down from da wall!  
Ah! Giuseppe, your call  
Should be starta more earla  
For catcha my girla,  
For w'en da spreeng's here *I* no workin'  
at all!

## THE WHISPERERS

LOOK at ould Mag Carmody an' Anastasia Moore,  
Sittin' in the corner wid their elbows on  
their knees;  
Wid their bony backs bent over an' their  
worn hands clasped before,  
An' the two white heads together like a  
pair o' buzzin' bees.  
Wasps, more like, you'd call them, for the  
talk your fancy hears  
Passin' now between them wid a sting in  
every word,  
Talk, ye think, would have the neighbors  
tinglin' at the ears,  
Wid the heat of anger an' resentment if  
they heard.  
So, if you'd your way,  
Faith, belike, you'd say:  
"Rise up, whisp'rin' gossips, rise!  
L'ave your scandals an' your lies;  
Time enough for bitterness when wintry days  
befall.





But the year is at the spring,  
Joy an' kindness are a-wing;

Even wasps are Mayin' now upon the sunny  
wall."

Look upon the whisperers again—an' hang  
yer head;

Look upon them kindly, for not long you'll  
know their likes.

These are of the troublous days whose  
whisperin' was bred

By the roar o' tyrant guns an' clash o'  
patriot pikes.

Innocent an' simple is the talk that now they  
make,

Chat of olden buried things, for thoughts  
of age are long.

They've no need to whisper, still a habit's  
hard to break,

An' wid two to nurse the same, sure they  
keep it strong.

So, if you'd be kind,

Thus you'll speak your mind:

"Rise up, dear ould women, rise!

Here you're under friendly skies;

Come an' take your fill o' talk an' share the  
genial sun.

Here the year is at the spring,  
Joy and kindness are a-wing;  
Come, forget the bitterness o' days that's  
dead an' done.

## THE TWO BLIND MEN

GOOD avenin' to ye, Father; will ye be  
to bide a minyit?

'Tis a week o' weeks since ye was here  
before.

There' manny feet goes up the sthreet, an'  
once yer own was in it—

Last night I heard yer footsteps pass me  
door.

Och! musha, Father, who am I to stop a  
soggarth passin' by  
To wan that needs him more?

Aye! "Conor o' the Brooms." I know; he  
bragged of it this mornin',

Wid a dale o' windy wurrds, "sez I,"  
"sez he."

Ye may go bail he'd make the tale, wid  
fanciful adornin',

As wonderful as anny tale could be.

Sure, Father, 'tis mesel' that's glad ye wint  
to cheer yon poor ould lad,  
That's blinder far nor me.

O, yes, there *is* a differ, though, I'm free to  
be admittin',

Ways, the two of us is blind as anny stone.  
But times, ye see, Con sez to me: "I feel  
so blind jist sittin'

Wid no wan nigh, jist sittin' by me lone."  
They're blind indeed, poor souls, that need  
another's mind to see and read  
What thoughts are in their own.

So ye needn't think I'm jealous of a lad like  
poor ould Conor,

Fur me own mind's stored wid company  
galore.

An' 'tis little I'll be carin'—though I thank  
ye fur the honor—

If ye're passin' by or stoppin' at me door.  
Sure, ye're welcome, Father Mack, but I'd  
nivver call ye back

From wan that needs ye more.

## D R E A M I N G

I HATE to read of millionaires,  
Because such reading seems  
To hypnotize me utterly  
And start me dreaming dreams.  
How many times I've figured out  
What I'd be apt to do  
If I were in that fellow's place  
And had a million, too.  
Of course, I'd use my fortune well;  
More sensibly than he,  
For I'd give ten per cent. at least  
To worthy charity.  
Another ten per cent. would go  
To help along a few  
Of my deserving relatives  
Whose bills are overdue.  
And then my duty to the church;  
Of course, a goodly share—  
Say, twenty-five per cent. or so—  
Would be devoted there.  
I'd give this latter quietly,  
Insisting that my name

Must be withheld, that none might know  
Whence this donation came.  
I'd only let the pastor know—  
He'd have to know, you see—  
Because my name upon the check  
Would show it was from me.  
Another twenty-five per cent.  
Would do myself and wife;  
The income we'd derive from that  
Would keep us both for life.  
Then, after that—well, after that  
I dream away and plan  
To spend still other ten per cents.  
To help my fellow-man.  
And finally my dreaming gets  
A bit confused, and then  
I take a tumble and my feet  
Touch solid earth again;  
And common sense assures me, as  
It stops me with a jerk,  
I've wasted time enough to do  
A dollar's worth of work.

## T H E   S T U D E N T

**S**PEAK not weeth Dagoman dat sweep da street;

He ees too dumb, Signor.

All sense he got ees een hees han's an' feet,  
Jus' dat an' notheeng more.

You laugh for hear heem talk an' mak'  
meestak',

But, com', eef you would see  
How smart som' Dago ees seet down an'  
mak'

Som' leetla talk weeth me.

Com', let us talk of wiſa theengs we know.

So, now I weell baygeen:

Ees eet not strange, my frand, how aard-  
varks grow

An' keep from gattin' theen?

Eet mus' be tough for eatin' ants an' sooch

So like dese aard-varks do;

You bat my life, I would no like eet mooch,

No more, I s'pose, would you—

W'at? "Aard-vark?" Sure! Eh, w'at ees  
dat you say?

Som'theeng you nevva heard?

O, yes, "a-a-r-d-v-a-r-k;"

Dat's how ees spal da word.

Eet ees een book, da wisa book I read

Dat tal all theengs you want.

Ees call' "da 'Mericana Cyclopaed;"

I buy we wan las' mont'.

An' lasta week I learn da firsta page;

Nex' week I learna two.

You bat my life, w'en I am good old age

I gon' know more dan you.

I am su'prise' how mooch you don'ta know;

You are not smart, Signor.

Ah, wal, good-bye! Com' back een week  
or so,

I learn you som'theeng more.

## T H E C R O W S

**C**AW! caw! caw!  
When last we heard their cry,  
These prophesying crows,  
They flecked a leaden sky,  
South-blown before the snows;  
And down the whistling wind  
Came winter's woes behind  
Their caw! caw! caw!  
Ne'er swelled a feathered throat  
With half so sad a note.

Caw! caw! caw!  
The South hath blown them back.  
With many a flashing wing  
The blue's rain-sweetened track  
Is augural of spring;  
Again from out the sky  
Floats down the raucous cry  
Of caw! caw! caw!  
But where's the feathered throat  
That hath a gladder note?

## THE GIFT O' THE GAB

CH! there was ne'er such a quare  
twisted crayture  
As Shaemus McNabb.  
Irish in name an' by birth, but by nature  
A surly ould crab.  
"Silence is goolden," sez he, "an' 'twill lessen  
the  
Most of our throubles here." Och! 'tis  
disthressin', the  
Way he's malignin' that chief Irish blessin'—  
the  
Gift o' the gab!

"Silence!" sez he. An' ye rarely can't  
blame us,  
Who're proud o' the gab,  
If, now an' then, we go afther this Shaemus  
An' give him a jab.  
"What then," sez I, "would we win Irish  
freedom wid?  
Chasin' the British out, what would ye  
speed 'em wid?

Dried Irish tongues would ye fatten an' feed  
'em wid,

Shaemus McNabb?"

"Silence!" he roars; "will ye never be quiet?

Ye blather an' blab,

Stirrin' the counthry to murther an' riot

Wid gift o' the gab!"

So will he argue by night an' by day wid you,

Roarin' an' fightin' to have the last say wid  
you.

"Silence!" sez he—Och! the Divvil fly 'way  
wid you,

Shaemus McNabb!

## T O N Y M A R A T T'

**T**ONY Maratt' eesa yo'ng 'Merican,  
Born an' raise' up een dees beautiful  
lan'.

Padre from Genoa, madre from Rom',  
Long tima seence to dees countra ees com'.  
Nevva mind dat!

Look at heem now! From da sola hees feet  
To da toppa hees hat,  
Mos' evrawhere dat you walk een da street  
Here ees mos' styleesh yo'ng man you can  
meet—

Tony Maratt'.

Strong ees dees Tony Maratt', like hees Pa.  
Ah! but hees heart eesa sof', like hees Ma.  
So seence las' year, w'en hees padre ees die,  
Tony Maratt' ain't do notheeng but cry.

W'at you theenk dat?

"Padre ees worka too hard for hees pay,  
An' jus' see w'at he gat!

My! eet ees sad he should go deesa way;  
Now I mus' leeve for da madre," ees say  
Tony Maratt'.





Madre Maratt', now da padre ees dead,  
Gotta work harda for maka da bread.  
Tony ees sad for da padre, but steell  
Jus' for da madre he t̄iyin' to feel  
    Happy an' fat.

"Don'ta be scare', leetla madre," say he,  
    "I no die lika dat.  
I ain't gon' workin' at all, for, you see,  
You ain't got nobody lefta but me—  
    Tony Maratt'."

THE OULD LAD O' THE  
B E L L S

HARK!

The bell o' St. Mark,  
How it moithers the air!  
Sure, I can't un'erstand  
All the bells in this land—  
I declare  
But it's quare—

Whin the bells o'er the sea are so joyous an'  
grand.

Now, whin I was a boy,  
By the town o' Clonmel,  
I drank nothin' but joy  
From the rim of a bell.  
Was it rung for two wed,  
Was it summons to prayer,  
Was it tolled for wan dead,  
Still the music was there;  
Every hillside an' glen,  
Every hollow an' glade

Rang agen an' agen  
Wid the echoes it made.  
An' the good folk that trod  
To the call o' the bell  
Gave a "Glory to God!"  
For whatever befell.  
Don't I mind—bless me soul!  
Me a wee curly head—  
How we heard the bells toll  
Whin O'Connell was dead?  
I can mind that same day,  
Aye! I see mesel' well  
As I stopped in me play  
At the sound o' the bell;  
An' I hold in me ear  
All its music that's past,  
Tho' it's sixty-odd year  
Since I heard it the last.  
For I can't live it down,  
An' I hear it ring yet  
O'er the bells o' this town,  
Wid their tears an' regret—

Hark!  
The bell o' St. Mark,  
How it moithers the air!

Sure, it ought to be gay,  
'Tis a weddin', they say—

I declare

But it's quare—

An' the bells o'er the sea are so joyous  
alway.

THE KNOWIN' NICO-  
DEMUS

MOST aggervatin' critter wuz old Nico-demus Brown;

He knowed it all an' bound to have his say.  
Thar wuzn't no theayter-play thet ever come  
to town

But Brown he'd git to see it night or day.  
He'd make a p'int to git his seat 'fore any o'  
the rest,

An when the curtain riz upon the show  
An' all the actors sot to work, he'd do his  
level best

To figger how the plot wuz goin' to go.  
An' when the most excitin' part of all wuz  
gittin' near,

An' folks wuz settin' narvous an'  
perplexed,  
Old Brown he'd whisper loud enough fur  
every one to hear:

"I'll bet ye I kin tell whut's comin' next."

Thar wuzn't any curin' him. He'd do the  
same in church,

Or anywherees he happened fur to be;  
Fur, like a dern poll-parrot hoppin' round  
upon its perch,

He'd squawk to all his critics: "Talk is  
free!"

But when the Typhoi' wuz around last  
August wuz a year,

It tackled onto Nick an' tuck him down;  
An' then he got religion, fur he tho't his end  
wuz near,

An', sure enough, thet wuz the end o'  
Brown.

His folks wuz gethered by his bed, an' jest  
afore he died,

While Deacon Jones wuz readin' of a text,  
The sick man smiled, an', "Waal, I'm done  
with this here life," he sighed;  
"I'll bet ye I kin tell whut's comin' next."

## THE YOUNG WIDOWER

“**Y**OU do not weep,” the childless woman said.

The babe stirred in his arms; he shook his head:

“I have outworn my grieving.  
Better than tears I pledge my sainted dead—  
Devotion to the living.”

“A costly life. Your wife you would prefer—”

“Have done! I would prefer,” he said,  
“for her

A truer sympathizer  
Than you, who often boasted that you were  
Unnaturally wiser.”

“I came to sympathize, and yet it’s true—”  
“Ah! yes,” he said, “and when my grief was

new

Your words *did* come to taunt me.  
But I have need of nothing now from you—  
You cannot cheer or daunt me.”

“Yet I may mourn for Womanhood——”  
He said:

“Aye! mourn for that—to-night, beside your  
bed,  
For Womanhood be grieving—  
Not Womanhood triumphant in the dead,  
But throttled in the living.”

## T H E   E N D   O'   T H E   D A Y

**H**ERE'S the end o' the day,  
An' this weary ould planet  
Turns again to the gray,  
Dewy dusk that began it.  
An' meself that's no more  
Nor a midge or a flea  
Or a sand o' the shore,  
Who'd be thinkin' o' me  
At the end o' the day?

Here's the end o' the day,  
An' it's little I'm winnin'  
Wid my toilin' away  
Since the same was beginnin';  
But for all I'm so small,  
Trudgin' on by my lone,  
If no evil befall  
I've a world o' my own  
At the end o' the day.

Here's the end o' the day,  
An' the stars, growin' bolder,  
Now the sun is away,  
Peep above the hill's shoulder;

An' 'tis they that can see  
That the dusty boreen  
Is a king's road for me  
To my castle an' queen,  
At the end o' the day.

## S A N P A T R I C E

**N**OW w'en spreengtime ees baygeen  
Geeve da grass eets tendra green,  
An' da sweetness to da air,  
Lees'en to my leetla prayer,  
San Patrice!

Een da lan' from w'at I came  
Ees not manny speak your name;  
Ees not manny call you great,  
Like een dees Unita State',  
Where all know w'at eet ees mean  
W'en dey wear da beet of green  
Lika dees.

See da reebbon on my breast,  
Jus' da sama like da rest?  
San Patrice!

Pleass, I ask you, San Patrice,  
Mak' da green be flag of peace.  
Eef so be da Irish race  
Ees da boss for all dees place,  
Mak' dem be so great an' good,

Strong for granda brotherhood  
An' for peace.  
Dey weell halp me, too, be gay  
On your gladda feasta day,  
San Patrice!

A N I N T E R P A R O C H I A L  
A F F A I R

O CH! there's devil a parish at all  
Like this one o' St. Paul.  
Here the winter begins wid the fall  
An' it sticks to the middle o' May.  
Streets an' houses an' people are gray,  
An' the night lends its hue to the day;  
For the blessed sun's light hangs like fog on  
the walls  
Where a man does be livin' his lone in St.  
Paul's.

Faith, 'tis odd that the same parish plan  
Gave so much to St. Ann.  
There's one parish that's fit for a man  
Wid a hunger for warmth an' for light!  
'Tis a comfort to find, day an' night,  
Streets an' houses an' people so bright;  
For there's summer-warm hearts an' there's  
kind, open han's,  
An' a girl wid a face like a rose, in St. Ann's.

In a parish just over the line,  
Called St. John the Divine,  
There's a cozy new cot, an' it's mine!  
Oh! 'tis I will have throuble to hide  
From my face all the joy an' the pride  
That my heart will be feelin' inside,  
When next Sunday at Mass they'll be readin'  
the banns  
For meself o' St. Paul's and Herself o' St.  
Ann's.

## THE ITALIAN WIND

I DO not like da ween' dat blows  
Along da ceety street.  
Eet breengs a message to da nose  
Dat ees not always sweet.  
An', too, eet brags, dees ceety ween',  
How reech som' peopla are—  
Dat's w'en eet's drunk with gasolene  
From passin' motor-car.  
Eet ees no wondra I am sad  
For hear eet blow like dat  
An' speak of theengs I nevva had  
An' nevva gona gat.

So, here I'm sad; but mebbe so  
I weell be happy yat.  
Dere ees een countra-place I know  
A farm dat I can gat.  
An' soon as I can finda man  
Dat like dees ceety street  
An' buy from me dees leetla stan',  
I gona jomp at eet.

Ah! den w'en I am plant da leek  
An' garlic dere, you see,  
Dose countra ween's dey sure weell speak  
Italian to me!

## L'UNIVERSALE NOTA

D EES earth, so solid to our feet,  
Ees ours dat walk about on eet;  
Yet men of manny deef'rent land  
    Speak manny deef'rent way,  
An' I can only ondrastand  
    W'at my own peopla say.

Da sea, dat ees all lands baytween,  
Not wan race for eets own can ween;  
Yet frands of mine an' your frands, too,  
    Mak' sooch sad calling from da sea,  
Dey speak wan langwadge now to you  
    An' wan same tongue to me.

April 15, 1912.

## THE VESTIBULE

EVERY mansion, every cot,  
Be it great or small,  
Hath a room, a tiny spot,  
Seldom praised at all.  
Bards have sung of "marble halls,"  
"Banquet rooms" and "painted walls,"  
And of "gardens cool."  
Not to these our thoughts belong;  
We would make a little song  
Of "The Vestibule."  
  
Unromantic little place,  
Narrow, close and bare?  
Not if we in fancy trace  
All that happens there:  
Welcome to the honored guest,  
Little lips to mother's pressed  
Ere they start for school,  
Lingered lovers' last good-night—  
Lots of room for Fancy's flight  
In the vestibule!  
  
There shall Fancy contemplate  
Still a greater bliss:

When the good wife speeds her mate  
With a morning kiss.

He who will not, when he may,  
With this blessing start the day,  
Is a knave or fool.

Many cares are overthrown,  
Many battles fought and won  
From the vestibule !

## R O S A ' S   P A R R A K E E T S

**R**OSA, weeth her parrakeets,  
Tal da fortune een da streets.  
Geeve her fiva cent an' see  
W'at your fortune gona be.  
Leetla birds so smart, so wise,  
Seet een cage an' weenk deir eyes;  
Seettin' een a row dey wait  
Teell she ope' da leetla gate,  
An' she tak' wan on a steeck,  
Keessa heem an' mak' heem peeck  
Fortune card out weeth hees beak.  
W'at da card ees say to you  
Mebbe so ees gon' com' true.  
Som' day, mebbe, I weell see  
W'at my fortune gona be.  
Eef I could be parrakeet  
Dat she eesa keess so sweet,  
I am sure I would be wise  
Jus' for lookin' een her eyes;





Mebbe so I be so smart  
I find fortune een her heart!  
Dat's a kinda fortune, too,  
I could weesh ees gon' com' true.

## D A S P R E E N G - C H A R M E R

“O H! ees eet true—you tal me so—  
Da spreeng would com’ eef you  
would go  
An’ play for eet?” say leetla Joe.

Den bigga Joe, da music-man,  
He pat da leetla skeenny han’  
An’ “sure!” he say; “I go nex’ week.  
You see, my street-pian’ ees seeck,  
So lika you. All weentra long  
Eet was too cold for maka song;  
But now I theenk a leetla beet  
Your mediceene gon’ feexin’ eet?”  
Joe smile, an’ so da leetla boy  
Smile, too, an’ clap hees han’s for joy;  
An’ all dat week he count da day  
Teell time hees Pop shall go an’ play.  
So com’ da day at las’, an’ dough  
Steell een da streets ees ice an’ snow,  
Beeg Joe mus’ do dees theeng for pleass  
Dat leetla boy, aldough he freeze.

Den home agen dat night he say:  
"I ain't quite do da treeck to-day;  
You see, da spreeng mus' *hear* me play,  
An' here een ogly ceety street  
I no gat verra close to eet;  
I musta go more far away."  
So passa mebbe two, three day  
An' notheeng com'. Wan night, bimeby,  
Da leetla boy baygeen to cry,  
So Joe say: "Wait a leetla beet  
An' sure I weell be catchin' eet."  
Nex' night he com' an' cry: "Hallo!  
Here's granda news for leetla Joe.  
To-day—O! verra, verra close—  
I see da spreeng! An' w'at you s'pose?  
Eet's justa leetla laughin' breeze  
Dat jomp about among da trees!  
An', O! eet dance so bright an' gay  
So soon as eet ees hear me play;  
I sure I catch eet soon som' day."

Bimeby, wan night, w'en Joe gat home,  
He wheespra: "Sh! da spreeng ees com'!  
Don't maka noise or you weell scare;  
Eet's een da alley downa-stair!"

You see, to-day w'en I am play  
Out een da countra, far away,  
Agen ees com' dat leetla breeze.  
Eet keess da buds upon da trees,  
An' tease da brook an' hop around  
An' coax da flowers from da ground.  
An' pretta soon so close I gat  
I see eet keess a violat.  
Den—presto! eet ees een my hat!  
So here, O! leetla Joe, I breeng  
For you, for you, da gladda spreeng!  
'Sh! keepa steell, or you weell scare;  
Eet's een da alley downa-stair."  
"O! pleass," ees say da leetla boy,  
An' he ees clap hees han's for joy,  
"O! lat eet com' an' play weeth me."  
Beeg Joe say: "No, not yat. You see,  
To breeng eenside would nevva do;  
Dat mak' eet seeck, more seeck dan you.  
But, leetla Joe, you geeve eet time  
An' pretta soon dat breeze weell climb  
Outside upon your weendow-seell,  
Eef you be good an' keepa steell."  
  
Wan morna soon w'en Joe gat up  
Da worl' ees lika wina-cup,

So reech an' sweet da air. An' so  
He run an' cry to leetla Joe:  
"Da spreeng! See now da leetla breeze  
Ees at your weendow? Here eet ees!"  
So den he leeft da window wide  
An' lat da warma breeze eenside.  
Da leetla boy he ope' hees mout'  
An' breathe eet een an' breathe eet out,  
An' laugh to feel eet een hees hair,  
On han's an' face an' evrawhere.  
"O! my, how sweet!" say bigga Joe.  
"Com', sneeff eet een your nosa—so!—  
Dat smal ees steeckin' to eet yat  
From where eet keess da violat.  
Ah! leetla Joe, w'at weell you do  
For me dat catch da spreeng for you?"

Oh, my! sooch keesses warm an' long!  
Sooch huggin', too, so glad, so strong!  
You nevva see a leetla boy  
Dat ees so crazy-wild weeth joy.  
"Aha! deed I no tal you so,  
Dat spreeng would com' so soon you go  
An' play for eet?" say leetla Joe.

## G I R L S   W I L L   C H A N G E

THEY say the girls they're raisin' here  
Has very takin' ways.

Mayhap 'tis true, but, dear, O! dear,  
'Tis not their likes I'd praise.

There's not a wan of all the lot  
I've ever chanced to see—

Not wan o' them—that ever got  
A heart-throb out o' me.

An', sure, I'm not so hard to pl'ase;  
'Tis I that used to know  
A score o' maids deservin' praise—  
But that was long ago.

Although the times an' styles may change,  
A maid is still a maid;  
But here she looks an' acts so strange,  
She's different, I'm afraid.  
Mayhap the climate here's to blame  
For all the faults I see;  
At anny rate, they're not the same  
As maidens used to be.

But Irish maids! Och, over there  
The girls I used to know  
Were always sweet an' true an' fair—  
Was that so long ago?

W'E N S P R E E N G E E S C O M'

**O**H! 'scusa, lady, 'scusa, pleass',  
For dat I stop an' stare;  
I no can halpa do like dees  
W'en Spreeng ees een da air.

I s'pose you know how moocha joy  
Ees feell da heart of leetla boy,  
W'en beeg parade ees passa by,  
Eef he can climb da pole so high;  
Or find on window-seell a seat  
Where he can see da whola street,  
An' watch da soldiers marcha 'way  
An' hear da sweeta music play.  
Ah! lady, eef dees joy you know,  
You would no frown upon me so.  
For, like da boy dat climb da pole,  
From deep eensida me my soul—  
My hongry, starva soul—ees rise  
Onteell eet looka from my eyes  
At all dat com' so sweet an' fair  
W'en now da Spreeng ees een da air;  
At greena grass, at buddin' trees  
Dat wave deir branches een da breeze,

At leetla birds dat hop an' seeng  
Baycause dey are so glad for Spreeng—  
An' you dat look so pure, so sweet,  
O! lady, *you* are part of eet!

So, 'scusa, lady, 'scusa, pleass',  
For dat I stop an' stare;  
I no can halpa do like dees  
W'en Spreeng ees een da air.

## A P R I L ' S   W I Z A R D R Y

I WOKE at dawn and heard the rain  
    And far-off snarls of thunder.  
I closed my eyes that sleep again  
    Might draw my senses under;  
And soon, in poppied warmth enfurled,  
    I lost in sweet forgetting  
The clamors of the stirring world,  
    Its labors and its fretting.  
        As from the bud  
        The chill-checked flood  
Of sap goes backward creeping,  
    So falls this sense  
        Of indolence  
When April skies are weeping.

I woke in sunlight and arose.  
    The joyful birds were chanting;  
A young girl in the neighboring close  
    Was busy at her planting.  
I knew, as something erst unknown,  
    The blessed charm of labor;  
I loved—ah! not myself alone—  
    I yearned to love my neighbor.

As from the trees  
The sun and breeze  
Their young leaves are beguiling,  
So from the heart  
Doth new life start  
When April skies are smiling.

## THE FALLEN TREE

THERE was a tree in Wister Wood  
Last April's livery wore  
Of emerald leaf and crimson bud,  
But it is there no more.

There, earliest, on twig and bough,  
I marked the spring's advance;  
Of all who note its absence now  
I only care, perchance.

Yet 'tis enough. For ne'er, for me,  
Shall any spring come in  
But all its trees shall lovelier be  
Because this one hath been.

So may it be with me, whose blood  
Stirs ever when the spring  
Calls out to me from Wister Wood  
And bids me rise and sing.

Enough for me, if when I've gone  
The way of man and tree,  
Some spring be made more sweet for one,  
Through kindly thought of me.

DA FAITH OF AUNTA  
ROSA

YOU know my Aunta Rosa? No?  
I weesha dat you could;  
She w'at you call "da leevin' saint,"  
    Baycause she ees so good.  
She got so greata, stronga faith,  
    She don'ta nevva care  
For doin' anytheeng at all  
    But justa say her prayer.  
She justa pray, an' pray, an' pray,  
    An' work so hard at dat,  
You theenk she would be gattin' theen  
    Eenstead for gat so fat.  
O! my, she gat so verra fat,  
    Da doctor ees so scare',  
He com' wan day to her an' say:  
    "You mak' too moocha prayer;  
Ees better do som' udder work  
    An' tak' som' exercise."  
My Aunta Rosa shak' her head  
    An' justa leeft her eyes,  
An' say: "I gotta faith so strong  
    Dat I weell jus' baygeen



John Sloan '92



For pray dat I may lose da fat,  
An' soon I weell be theen."  
So den she justa seet an' pray,  
So greata faith she feel,  
An' nevva stop for anytheeng—  
Excep' for taka meal.  
An' som' time, too, she seet an' mak'  
Da noise so loud an' deep;  
Eet sounda verra mooch as eef  
She prayin' een her sleep.  
So Aunta Rosa pray an' pray,  
But steell she gat more fat,  
So fat she no can walk at all—  
Now, w'at you theenka dat?

Mus' be som' troubla een da sky;  
Mus' be ees som'theeng wrong!  
Baycause eef Aunta Rosa got  
Da faith so great an' strong,  
An' pray so hard dat eet ees all  
She gatta time to do,  
I like som'body tal me why  
Her prayer ees no com' true!

## WAITING FOR THE TRAIN

THE wood beyond the station thrills  
With glamor of the May;  
The thrush his matin music trills,  
A-swing upon his spray,  
And many things of beauty smile  
And call me out to play,  
Crying: "Tarry, O! tarry,  
For this one day."  
But Duty hath no pity!  
I am doomed to the city,  
And I hear the snorting demon that will  
carry me away.

How slowly plods the little boy  
Upon the road to school.  
He yearns to taste a truant joy  
Where woodland depths are cool.  
He lifts his guilty eyes to mine;  
I bid him run and play!  
Crying: "Hookey! Play hookey,  
For this one day!"

But, O! for me the pity!  
I am doomed to the city,  
And I hear the snorting demon that will  
carry me away.

## P A D R E ' S   P E E N C H A   S N U F F

WHERE ees troubla—som' wan dead,  
Som' wan verra seeck een bed—  
Leetla Padre Angelo  
He ees dere bayfore you know.  
Beatsa—how you call?—"da deuce"  
How he eesa gat da news.  
He mus' smal eet een da air;  
Annyway, you find heem dere.  
An' da firsta theeng he do,  
W'en he hear da story through,  
"Povero!" he say—you know  
    Dat'sa mean "eet's tough"—  
Den da Padre Angelo  
    Taka peenchā snuff.

Leetla Padre's boxa snuff  
Mus' be funny kinda stuff,  
Som'theeng dat he ainta use  
Only w'en dere's badda news.  
Mosta time dat we are meet  
He ain't nevva theenk of eet,  
But so soon he's comin' where  
Eesa troubla een da air,

An' he hear da tale of woe,  
He ees grab da boxa—so—  
Like he eesa feel he no  
    Jus' can gat enough,  
W'en da Padre Angelo  
    Taka peencha snuff.

Den he gona cough like dees:  
"Hock-pachoo!" an' den he sneeze.  
Den he blow hees nose a while,  
Shak' hees olda head an' smile,  
Rub da water from hees eye,  
Looka queer an' say: "O, my!  
Nevva find dees snuff so strong;  
Mus' be here ees som'theeng wrong."  
So he shak' hees head an' den  
He ees rub hees eye agen.  
Som' time I am theenk, you know,  
    Eet'sa justa bluff,  
W'en da Padre Angelo  
    Taka peencha snuff.

## THE SCOUTS OF SPRING

THE child at the window turned away  
With a parting glance at the leaden  
skies,

And the look in the depths of his wistful  
eyes

Was hopeless and dull as they.

So came the night down, cold and gray,  
When the hidden sun had set. \* \* \*

Cold as the ashes of yesterday

The morning breaks, and yet—

The scouts of Spring were abroad in the  
night.

I heard them riding the rain.

I knew the touch of their fingers light,  
As they swerved aside in their airy flight

And tapped at the window-pane.

They swarmed like bees in the outer gloom;

I heard them whispering there,  
And I sensed them momently in the room  
When their breathing tinged with faint  
perfume

The slumber-heavy air.  
So hither and yon they danced and leapt;  
And over one pillow they softly crept  
And called to the wild,  
Young heart of the child,  
Till the little limbs stirred, and the thin  
lips smiled  
And he laughed aloud as he slept.  
But there came a change at the wane of the  
night,  
And down from the hill,  
Where they'd long lain still,  
The winds of Winter rode forth in their  
might.  
The Spring's outriders broke in flight,  
And up from the east rose the morning  
gray,  
Cold as the ashes of yesterday.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Wake!” cried the child beside my bed.  
“Come to the beechwood, Sleepyhead!  
Wonders await you there. See here,  
Snowdrops! sweetest and first of the year;  
Wake! for the Spring is come,” he said.  
Gray is the morning, gray and cold;

Ah! but the depths of his shining eyes,  
Blue as the heart of the violet, hold  
Joy and the glory of summer skies,  
And their secrets manifold.

## A SONG OF 'TONIO

ET was an Irish Maggie  
Dat catch my hearta first,  
An' mak' eet jomp eensida me  
So like eet gona burst.  
Dough een my breast was seengin' birds,  
My domba tongue was steell,  
Baycause I had not Anglaice words  
For tal her how I feel;  
She's gon', for dat I had not words  
For tal her how I feel.

Now com's Italian Rosa  
For mak' me love her more.  
Da leetla birds eensida me  
Seeng louder dan bayfore.  
But, O! I am so sadda man!  
My domba tongue ees steel;  
I have no words Italian  
For tal her how I feel;  
Not even words Italian  
For tal her how I feel.

## THE WANDERING MINSTREL

O H! ye wealthy folk, blessed with a  
heaped-over measure  
Of bodily comforts, of treasure and gold,  
If your souls have been stirred for one  
moment with pleasure

By the catches I've sung or the jests I have  
told,

O! I pray ye, take heed of  
What most I'm in need of  
And loosen the strings of the purses ye  
hold.

Give the best that ye have  
For the best that I gave.

For the gay Merry-Andrew you've seen me  
to-day

O! remember me, pray,  
With your gold.

O! ye poor of God, blessed with warm  
hearts ever throbbing  
With love for a fellow-man burdened with  
cares,

If ye sense the soul-hunger, the sorrowful  
sobbing,  
In his merriest jests, in his liveliest airs,  
Ye will know and take heed of  
What most he's in need of,  
Both here and hereafter, wherever he  
fares.  
For the sorrow he's known  
That is like to your own,  
When with tears of sweet pity your lashes  
are dim,  
Have remembrance of him  
In your prayers.

## P A R A D I S E   R E G A I N E D

I 'M a thing they call a "stevydore"—  
Though some has called me worse—  
An' I'm slavin' here along the shore  
To fill a skinny purse;  
For it's little that the wages are,  
For all the counthry's free,  
An' my hopes o' fortune still are far  
As heaven is from me.  
Still, though far away it seems,  
There's a heaven in me dreams—  
Blessid paradise I had an' lost, but hope  
again to win—  
An' it calls me from the breeze  
That blows in acrost the seas  
Whin a ship comes in.

"Sure, it's hell to be a stevydore,"  
The lads beside me say;  
But it's purgatory an' no more,  
Since some may win away.  
An' it's not forever that I'll slave  
Within a stuffy hold,

For the pennies that I make an' save  
Will turn at last to gold.  
O! the heaven that I knew,  
Risin' green above the blue—  
Blessid paradise I had an' lost an'  
dreamed so much about—  
'Tis mesel' wid joy will see  
On a day that's soon to be  
Whin a ship goes out.

## A P R I L

**A** PRIL,  
Irish through and through,  
Here's my caubeen off to you!  
Look you! now my head is bare,  
Drop your tears upon my hair.  
Weep your fill upon me, then  
Warm me with your sun again.  
Here's my heart. O! make its strings  
Populous with linnets' wings.  
So your holy birds are there  
Not a ha'porth do I care;  
Mute with sorrow, wild with glee,  
So they make their home in me.

April,  
Dead, forgotten days  
Tremble in your dim blue haze;  
All the glories of the race  
Flicker on your mobile face.  
Heroes panoplied for fight  
Glimmer in your golden light;

Martyrs, sanctified by pain,  
Murmur in your silver rain.  
All your smiles and all your tears  
Voicing now our hopes and fears,  
April, Irish through and through,  
Here's my caubeen off to you!

## E A S T E R   E V E

**A** WORLD of sodden leaves and gaunt-limbed trees

That stand as in a dream. Set in the skies  
The moon, like embers of a watch-fire, lies  
Half-quenched by mists breathed up from  
restless seas;

And like a lion troubled in its sleep,  
The wind, high-cradled in the piney hills,  
By fits and starts with fretful moaning  
thrills

The echoing air, and darkness rules the  
steep.

And yet I know the sun will soon have kist  
With lip of fire the sky, so leaden-browed  
Behind the silvern gossamer of mist.

I know the Easter sun that gilds the cloud  
Shall kiss God's robes where last it  
touched His shroud,

And all my soul is eloquent of Christ.

THE TEMPERAMENTAL  
TOMMASSO

Tommasso can have, eef he want,  
"Arteestica temperamant,"  
But me, I am gladda for steeck  
To workin' weeth shovel an' peeck.

You nevva can tal  
Verra wal  
Jus' w'en eet ees gona bust out—  
Dees theeng dat I'm talkin' about.  
Dees fallow Tommasso Barratt'  
He nevva have notheeng like dat  
Een all da long tima w'en he  
Ees deeg een da streeta weeth me.  
But all for a sudden wan day  
He throw down hees shovel an' say:  
"I gona be music-arteest!  
Too moocha good time I have meessed,  
An' so I gon' start righta 'way.  
I jus' can'ta halp eet. I must,  
Or som'theeng eenside me weell bust!"

An' so he ees study da art;  
But now dat he's ready for start—  
To-morrow, you see, ees da day  
He's gona baygeen for to play—  
Eet don't mak' heem happy wan beet.  
He no can be steell een hees seat,  
But tweest alla 'round een hees chair  
An' pull hees mustache an' hees hair.  
I say to heem: "Don'ta be scare';  
Keep coola!" He tal me: "I can't!  
Arteestica temperamant  
Eensida me mak' me excite'  
For fear I no playa jus' right."  
I bat he no sleep mooch to-night.  
I no like hees shoes on *my* feet!  
He mebbe weell faint on da street  
To-morrow, baycause he's excite'  
An' sure won'ta do da theeng right.  
You see, dees new musica-man  
He don't verra wal ondrastan'  
Da ways of da streeta-pian'.

Tommasso can have, eef he want,  
"Arteestica temperamant,"  
But me, I am gladda for steeck  
To workin' weeth shovel an' peeck.

THE BUTT O' THE  
LOAFERS

O H! they needn't be so sly,  
All them lads when I pass by,  
Wid their winkin' o' the eye  
An' their jokin' an' all that.  
Sure, I'm wise enough to see  
That the cause of all their glee  
Is the ancient cut o' me  
An' me ould high hat.

Yerra! boys will have their play,  
So I've not a word to say—  
'Tis mesel' that wanst was gay  
As the gayest wan o' you;  
An' there wasn't manny men  
That'd care to joke me then,  
When me blood was warm an' when  
This ould hat was new.

It was wid me an' me bride  
When the blessid knot was tied,  
An' it follied, when she died,  
Where they soon will lay me, too.

It has served me all these years,  
Shared me pleasures and me tears—  
As it's sharin' now the jeers  
O' the likes o' you!

Now, ould hat, we're worn an' sick,  
But 'tis joy to think, avic,  
That you never held a brick—  
An' there's some that can't say that!  
So they needn't be so sly  
Wid their winkin' o' the eye  
When they see us passin' by,  
You an' me, ould hat!

THE  
CITY





## A BALLADE OF BRIDES

FOR brides who grace these passing days,  
The poets lyric garlands twine;  
For them the twittering song of praise  
Resounds with many a fulsome line.  
And unproved worth, as half divine,  
Is glorified in tinkling tunes.

But worthier dames shall bless our wine—  
We'll toast the brides of other Junes!

What though a thoughtless public pays  
Its homage at young Beauty's shrine,  
And wreathes smooth brows with orange  
sprays,  
With roses and with eglantine,  
Youth's cheeks that glow and eyes that  
shine  
Are not the most enduring boons.

O! we who've seen such things decline,  
We'll toast the brides of other Junes!

Though flowery wreaths and poets' lays  
To grace the new-made bride combine,  
O! let us rather twine the bays

For tried and true ones, thine and mine,  
Who share whate'er the fates design  
To bless or blight our nights and noons;  
Good comrades still through rain or  
shine—  
We'll toast the brides of other Junes!

## L'ENVOI

Old Friend! whose bride of Auld Lang Syne  
Still fills thy life with honeymoons,  
Thy glass to mine, my glass to thine—  
We'll toast the brides of other Junes!

## D A G R E A T A B A S A B A L L

O H! greata game ees basaball  
For yo'nga 'Merican.  
But, O! my frand, ees not at all  
Da theeng for Dagoman.

O! lees'en, pleass', I tal to you  
About wan game we play  
W'en grass ees green, an' sky ees blue  
An' eet ees holiday.  
Spagatti say: "We tak a treep  
For play da ball, an' see  
Wheech side ees ween da champusheep  
For Leetla Eetaly."  
So off for Polo Groun' we go  
Weeth basaball an' bat,  
An' start da greata game, but, O!  
Eet ees no feenish yat!  
Spolatro ees da boss for side  
Dat wait for catch da ball;  
Spagatti nine ees first dat tried  
For knock eet over wall.  
An' so Spagatti com' for bat.  
Aha! da greata man!

Da han's he got; so beeg, so fat,  
Ees like two bonch banan'.  
Spolatro peetch da ball, an' dere  
Spagatti's bat ees sweeng,  
An' queeck da ball up een da air  
Ees fly like annytheeng.  
You know een deesa game ees man  
Dat's call da "lafta-fiel"."  
Wal, dees wan keep peanutta-stan'  
An' like for seettin' steell.  
An' dough dees ball Spagatti heet  
Ees passa by hees way,  
He don'ta care a leetla beet  
Eef eet ees gon' all day.  
Da "centra-fielda man"—you know  
Dat's nex' to heem—he call:  
"Hi! why you don'ta jompa, Joe,  
An' run an' gat da ball?"  
But Joe he justa seetta steell  
Teell ball ees outa sight.  
Dees mak' so mad da centra-fiel'  
He ees baygeen to fight.  
Den com'sa nudder man—you see,  
I don'ta know hees name,

Or how you call dees man, but he  
Ees beeg man een da game.  
He ees da man dat mak' da rule  
For play da gama right,  
An' so he go for dose two fool  
Out een da fiel' dat fight.  
He push da centra-fielda 'way—  
An' soocha names he call!—  
An' den he grabba Joe an' say:  
“Com', run an' gat da ball.”  
But Joe he growl an' tal heem: “No,  
Ees not for me at all.  
Spagatti heet da ball, an' so  
Spagatti gat da ball!”

O! greata game ees basaball  
For yo'nga 'Merican.  
But, O! my frand, ees not at all  
Da theeng for Dagoman.

## THE MAN'S THE MAN

“THE man's the man!” my Barney  
says—

An' Barney's newly married—  
“He's the wan that knows the ways  
The burdens should be carried.

Let the woman wear the grace

An' pleasin' pranks o' beauty,  
Yet be mindful of her place

An' of her wifely duty;  
By the crown within my hat,

The chief of all our riches,  
I'll be king o' this an' that;

An' sure I'll wear the breeches;  
Yes, an' need be, I can teach  
The 'Spanish way' o' walkin'!”

There's my Barney's manful speech—  
I listen to him talkin'.

“The man's the man!” my Barney says,  
An', faith, my thoughts are carried  
Back to well-remembered days  
When I was newly married;

An' there's wan that's lookin' down  
Upon this house this minute,  
Knows who was it wore the crown  
The whiles herself was in it.  
Dull I was, but plain as day  
'Tis now I'm seein' through it  
How she let me have *her* way,  
An' sure I never knew it;  
Puffed wid pride as I could be  
An' struttin' 'round an' squawkin',  
"Man's the man!" sez I, an' she—  
She listened to me talkin'.

## D A S U M M E R'S C O M'!

O H! my, I'm glad da summer's com'  
An' school-books ees put by;  
I do not like for show how domb  
Een evratheeng am I.

Me go to school? I guessa not!  
But den you see, signor, I got  
Wan leetla son of mine dat go—  
Ah! smarta keed, Antonio!  
He mak' me proud, he ees so queeck;  
But som' time, too, eet mak' me seeck  
Weeth—how you call eet now?—weeth  
shame  
For dat I no can write my name.

But I, too, I am smarta 'nough  
For looka wise an' maka bluff,  
An' so he ainta catch me yat;  
But he's so smarta keed, you bat  
He's gona see som' day bimeby  
How domb een evratheeng am I.  
I tal you w'at eet's pretta tough  
For always have to maka bluff,

To seet an' smoke an' be so near  
At night-time, w'en he eesa here  
Weeth all hees school-books, an' to fear  
Dat he weell ask som' theeng or two  
Dat gona mak' a fool of you.

W'at would you say—I ask you, pleass—  
To soocha question lika dees  
Dat jus' bayfore hees schoola stop  
He aska me: "Hey! tal me, Pop,  
W'en was eet came you Dagomans  
Deescoverin' us 'Mericans?"

O! my, I'm glad da summer's com'  
An' school-books ees put by;  
I do not like for show how domb  
Een evratheeng am I.

## D A T H I E F

EF poor man goes  
An' steals a rose  
Een Juna-time—  
Wan leetla rose—  
You gon' su'pose  
Dat dat'sa crime?

Eh! w'at? Den taka look at me,  
For here bayfore your eyes you see  
Wan thief dat ees so glad an' proud  
He gona brag of eet out loud!  
So moocha good I do, an' feel,  
From dat wan leetla rose I steal,  
Dat eef I gon' to jail to-day  
Dey no could tak' my joy away.  
So, lees'en! here ees how eet com':  
Las' night w'en I am walkin' home  
From work een hotta ceety street,  
Ees sudden com' a smal so sweet  
Eet maka heaven een my nose—





I look an' dere I see da rose!  
Not wan, but manny, fine an' tall,  
Dat peep at me above da wall.  
So, too, I close my eyes an' find  
Anudder peecture een my mind;  
I see a house dat's small an' hot  
Where manny pretta theengs ees not,  
Where leetla woman, good an' true,  
Ees work so hard da whole day through,  
She's too wore out, w'en com's da night,  
For smile an' mak' da housa bright.

But, presto! now I'm home an' she  
Ees seettin' on da step weeth me.  
Bambino, sleepin' on her breast,  
Ees nevva know more sweeta rest,  
An' nevva was sooch glad su'prise  
Like now ees shina from her eyes;  
An' all baycause to-night she wear  
Wan leetla rose stuck een her hair.  
She ees so please'! Eet mak' me feel  
I shoulda sooner learned to steal!

Eef “thief’s” my name  
I feel no shame;  
Eet ees no crime—  
Dat rose I got.  
Eh! w’at? O! not  
Een Juna-time!

## WHAT THE FLAG SINGS

MY People! ye who honor me,  
Upon this day that made ye free,  
And for your badge of liberty  
    On high have set me,  
Hear what my breeze-tossed ripples say,  
Ere with the passing of this day  
I once again am put away  
    And ye forget me:

“In war begot, by war imbrued  
Baptismally with patriot blood,  
Triumphant, steadfast still, through good  
    And evil omen,  
I’ve watched victorious Peace alight  
Upon the arms of Truth and Right,  
Which nevermore shall fear the might  
    Of foreign foemen.

“But, O! my people, help me preach  
Our gospel now, that we may teach  
Newcomers here of alien speech  
    To know and love me.  
Teach that the cause for which I stand,

The liberty of this fair land,  
Will tolerate no Anarch brand  
To float above me.

“Aye! our own native faults lay bare!  
Point out the specious statesman’s snare,  
Whose tongue would hide with shout and  
prayer  
His heart’s sedition;  
Who lifts to me his crafty eyes  
And breathes abroad his soulful sighs,  
Which not from love of me arise,  
But low ambition.

“O! teach and learn! And when the sky  
This day’s departing sunbeams dye,  
And from the staff whereon I fly  
At last ye take me,  
Remember what ye owe to me;  
I’m but your *badge* of liberty,  
And I no greater thing can be  
Than your deeds make me!”

July 4, 1912.

BALLADE OF SUMMER'S  
PASSING

LIKE a matron grown jaded—  
Fat, forty and fair—  
In a nook cool and shaded,  
Who nods in her chair;  
Then, sudden, aware  
Of the eyes of the masses,  
Feigns a wide-awake air,  
Summer smiles as she passes.

All the charms she paraded  
In Junetime so rare,  
When new roses were braided  
And twined in her hair,  
No longer are there.  
All her gold but worn brass is,  
But, still debonair,  
Summer smiles as she passes.

That her beauty is faded  
Beyond all repair,  
All the pools where she waded—  
Her mirrors—declare.

Brown limbs that are bare  
Every woodland pool glasses;  
But what does she care?  
Summer smiles as she passes.

## ENVOY

Come, then, Autumn! and dare  
To be brave as this lass is,  
When the like fate you share—  
Summer smiles as she passes.

## S A N C T U A R Y

HERE where ees my beez'ness place  
You can com' so mooch you pleass,  
Call me "Dago" to my face,  
Joke weeth me an' sneer an' teass.  
You can say my fruit ees bad,  
Growla 'bout da prices, too,  
But I no can gatta mad;  
I mus' be polite weeth you.  
Streeta keeds so small, so tough,  
Steala theengs an' run so queeck,  
Here can treata me so rough  
Eet ees almos' mak' me seeck.  
But I know where ees a door  
Feexa weeth a lock an' key;  
Notheeng bother me no more  
W'en at night eet close on me.

O! so happy, happy door!  
I su'pose you got wan, too,  
More for styleeshness an' more  
Fine an' gran' eet ees for you.  
But w'en I seet down at night,  
All bust up from work all day,

All dat maka me excite'  
Seem so verra far away,  
I can mak' mysal' baylieve  
I am good as anny man.  
Notheeng den can mak' me grieve  
Like at dees peanutta-stan'.  
Peace ees com' eenside my door;  
Push eet shut an' turn de key,  
An' I am a man once more  
W'en at night eet close on me.

## S H A W N   B H U I   O' C O N N O R

**F**ROM the glens an' airy peaks  
Of McGillicuddy's Reeks,

Shawn Bhui O'Connor

Draws the raw delights o' life.

Snare an' gun an' huntin'-knife

Are his all, for ne'er a wife

Wears his name upon her.

Just his native hills alone

An' his wild sweet will can own

Shawn Bhui O'Connor.

Save for powder an' for shot,

Village streets would know him not—

Shawn Bhui O'Connor.

But the priest o' Ballymore

Often finds beside his door

Tribute for his frugal store,

Knowing well the donor;

An' for gift o' grouse an' hare

Oft repays with kindly prayer

Shawn Bhui O'Connor.

Mighty hunter, yet a child,  
Shaggy nurslin' o' the wild—

Shawn Bhui O'Connor.

Relic o' the primal man  
Ere the Saxon race began;  
Erin's lord an' sacristan

Of her virgin honor,  
May the peace o' God's free air  
Keep you ever in its care,

Shawn Bhui O'Connor!

Shawn Bhui—*Yellow John.*

## A N I T A L I A N L E S S O N

E EF you would be, O! 'Merican,  
Wise Dagoman like me  
An' call een good Italian

Da names for theengs you see,  
Com', lees'en! an' I tal you true  
How easy theeng eet ees to do.

For firsta lesson, now, su'pose

We tak'a som'theeng sweet;  
Dere eesa flower you calla "rose,"  
But w'at's my name for eet?  
I mak' eet verra plain to you,  
For here ees all you gotta do:

Say "Angela!" jus' "Angela!"

An' eef you catcha sight  
Of pretta face an' shinin' eyes  
Dat smila like Italia's skies,  
You bat my life you weell be wise  
An' justa wheesper "Angela!"  
An' sure you weell be right.

Eef you would know Italian  
For sweeta theengs you hear,

Here's wise Italian teacher-man

Dat mak' eet plain an' clear.

Com', lees'en! an' I tal you true

How easy theeng eet ees to do.

Dere eesa bird dat seeng so sweet—

No sweeter song could be.

“Thrush” ees da word you say for eet?

Dat's not da word for me.

You like to know Italian word

I speaka for dees songa-bird?

Say “Angela!” jus’ “Angela!”

An’ eef so be you might

Have happiness for standin’ near

W'en sounds wan voice so sweet an' clear

You theenk eet ees a thrush you hear,

Say “Angela!” jus’ “Angela!”

An’ sure you weell be right.

ARTFUL YOUNG BARNEY  
KEHOE

WILL ye be for the Gap o' Dunloe,  
I dunno?

O! I'm glad o' that same!  
All the tourists think shame  
To be missin' the Gap o' Dunloe—  
They do so.

Now, then, whishper! Mayhap,  
When ye come on the Gap,  
Ye'll be seein' a lass  
On this side o' the pass  
That'll ax for the toll.  
She's a dacint good soul,  
Though the eyes of her twinkle so droll.  
Well, ye'll pay her the tax  
An' ye'll wink an' ye'll ax:  
"Would ye marry young Barney Kehoe?"—  
'Tis a bit of a joke  
That the folk love to poke  
At the lass o' the Gap o' Dunloe.

An' it's where, whin ye've done wid Dunloe,  
Will ye go?

Ye'll be wise to come back  
By this very same thrack,  
Fur there's little that's back o' Dunloe—  
There is so.

Sure, the hills are so bare  
There's no scenery there  
Like the kind that ye find  
On this side, d'ye mind?  
So I'll watch for the day  
Whin ye're passin' this way,  
Jist to hear what the lass had to say,  
Whin she made her reply  
To the wink o' yer eye  
An' yer joke at the Gap o' Dunloe—

Is it who may I be?  
Ye'll find *me*, d'ye see,  
If ye'll ax for young Barney Kehoe.

LEIGH WOODS NEAR  
BRISTOL TOWN

LEIGH Woods! and but a thought's  
flight from the ocean!

Seemed time and space between  
As though they had not been;  
As though a wave of mine own soul's  
emotion,

O'erwhelming my dazed senses in the smoke  
And thunder of its cresting, here had broke  
And cast me up beneath this English oak.

Behind me lay the Avon-riven towns,  
Clouding with busy fires the autumn morn-  
ing;

But, O! the light of old romance adorning  
Leigh Woods and Durdham Downs!

An English wood! Not here, were mine the  
choosing, . . .

Would my foot first have trod  
The Old World's storied sod;  
For here should rise ancestral wrongs,  
transfusing

Into my blood their heart-sepulchred teen.  
Yet here were flow'ring fields and woods  
as green,  
Mayhap, as those wherein I would have  
been;  
And leafy lanes as thronged with twinkling  
wings.  
The birds were singing here, not piping  
merely,  
Green-cloistered choirs intoning sweetly,  
clearly,  
Of love, the crown of things.

Old passions melted in the holier fire  
Of Nature's motherhood;  
And o'er that English wood,  
On finer air my soul soared high and higher.  
Trees, rocks, all senseless objects, great  
and small,  
All living things that walk or fly or  
crawl—  
Atoms of earth—I saw and loved them  
all!  
Aye! rose I even to Heav'n's own parapet,  
On the strong wings of that unbridled  
rapture

Which, knowing once, I never shall recapture—  
But can no more forget.

O! could I catch again and hold forever  
The ecstasy, the power,  
Of that one fleeting hour,  
Peace and the soul should never more dissever.

Forever through God's ether to be swirled,  
And momently see Heaven's blue veils unfurled,

My song a silvern trumpet to the world!  
Leigh Woods! could I revive your spell again,

My soul would chant such music to the spirit,  
The list'ning world, that could not choose but hear it,

Would thrill as I did then.

Bristol, England, September 22, 1910.

## C H A T T E R T O N

“**G**RIM humorist!” I’d write upon his stone;

“Great poet? Aye, but still a child of wit,  
And martyr to his judges’ lack of it.

When first his mimic mintings rare were shown,

Befooled, they praised them, but, the fraud made known,

They spurned his Rowley coinage, bit by bit.

‘No silver this,’ they cried, ‘but counterfeit!’

Not seeing it was gold and all his own.

“Oh! dear deceiver, child of mystery!

How well to the last hour he played the game,

And falsely strong in his adversity,

Hid his young honor in a cloud of shame.

And last, the play’s meet epilogue we see:

Death—but dissembled by undying fame!”

Bristol, England, September, 1910.

## K E R R Y   U N V I S I T E D

**F**AIR was the sky and calm the sea,  
Aye, calmer than this bosom,  
When first upon my vision broke  
The Skelligs, wild and gruesome.

As slow the rugged coast-line rose  
Above the sunlit ocean,

O! bitter was the fight I waged  
To still my heart's commotion.

Scion of exiles, home again!

Each rock and tree and steeple  
Encircled by my eager glass

Brought greetings from my people.  
My kindly shipmates little guessed—

So gay I seemed and merry—  
What tears were bubbling in my breast  
For the holy hills of Kerry.

So all day long I kept the deck,

And fed my soul with gazing  
On cliffs and bays and over all

The hills their green crowns raising.

When through the dusk the ship sailed on  
And found her English haven,

At dawn, where Bristol Channel takes  
The waters of the Avon,  
To me the Saxon tyrants came,  
But kindlier than the olden,  
And loaded me with captive chains.

Though here those chains were golden,  
And royal hospitality  
Made every moment merry,  
My heart was where my people lie  
Among the hills of Kerry!

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

O! calm again were sea and sky.

The good ship, homeward turning,  
Bore with her one whose heart was sore  
With unrequited yearning.

Again I watched the Kerry coast,

Behind our white wake falling;  
The Sidhe were on those fading hills!

I know; I heard them calling.

Then rose the answering sea in wrath,

The sky grew gray above it,  
The storm broke and the shuddering ship  
Quaked in the clutches of it.

And like the Ancient Mariner,

Whose sin no seas could bury,  
I knew what spirits shook our keel—  
The wild, wild Sidhe of Kerry!

Laugh not to scorn this tale of mine  
As some wild dreamer's notion;  
I read reproach in every thing  
That tracked me o'er the ocean.  
The angry sea that snatched at me,  
The winds at night that jeered me,  
The very gull that screamed o'erhead  
And fled as though it feared me;  
I was the plague upon the ship  
That made her groan and shiver  
Through toil of seven days and nights  
To reach this peaceful river.  
So now I swear: No more for me  
The ocean-girdling ferry;  
No more for me, unless it be  
To tread the hills of Kerry!

SS. "Royal Edward," approaching Montreal, October 6, 1910

Sidhe (pronounced "Shee")—*the Fairies*.

## M R. H A I L C O L O M B'

IRISH, Anglaice, Dootchman, Jew,  
W'at'sa matter weetha you?  
Why you no keep holiday,  
Wave da flag an' shout "Hooray"?  
Why you laugh an' weenk your eye  
W'en da beeg parade go by?  
Ain't you glad for anytheeng  
W'en da leetla cheeldren seeng?  
Lika me you oughta be  
Glad for granda liberty  
Dat you all are gattin' from  
Hail Colomb'.

Can eet be you are so domb  
You don't know dees "Hail Colomb' "?  
He ees Dago sailorman  
Firsta find dees greata lan'.  
Poor he was, but, O! rejoice,  
Tak' your hat off, leeft your voice,  
Maka prayer of thanks baycause  
Dere's no Eemigration laws,  
Dere's no Ellis Island w'en  
Weeth hees ragged sailormen  
First to deesa shores ees com'  
Hail Colomb'.

OCTOBER SONG IN  
ROMANY

**M**OTHER and wife to me,  
Fostering Earth!

Sum of all life to me,  
Birth to rebirth;

Mother, at urge of the sun-god who bore me,  
Wife, whose cool bosom at last shall swell  
o'er me,

Ever and ever my heart shall be thine.  
Ah! but one season brings *thy* heart the  
nearest,

When to my loving thy bosom thou barest.  
Then thou art mine.

Summer brings many men  
Singing thy praise,  
But are there any when  
Chill are the days?

Now, when thy robes are but tatters and  
patches,  
Sport of the winds in the bitter night watches,  
Stronger and truer my heart beats to thine.

My breast to thine and the deep sky our  
cover,

Quiet and peace for the loved and the  
lover—

Now thou art mine!





## THE MAGIC APPLE

“**A** THING of beauty is a joy forever.”  
Though years becloud it, never  
may they sever .

Its lovely essence utterly from earth;  
Never a joy was born but hath rebirth.  
There was a sunset lost, long, long ago,  
An autumn sunset seen through orchard  
boughs.

A boy’s eye brightening in the amber glow  
Gave to his mind no more of it to house  
For the delight of manhood’s pensive days  
Than the bare memory of time and place;  
So nigh forgot, it seemed  
As something he had dreamed.

Yet now the man, before whose boyish ken  
The glory melted on the evening breeze,  
Knows it lived on, for he hath found again  
His long-lost sunset of the orchard trees.

A penny tribute to a swarthy vendor  
Hath filled for me this city street with  
splendor.

A meagre apple! yet its crushed pulp drips  
A long-forgotten savor on my lips,

A rare, faint essence tasted once before,  
But only once; and suddenly I find  
The honeyed gush hath loosed a long-  
locked door,  
And all the olden splendor floods my mind.  
A care-free lad I stand,  
An apple in my hand,  
And watch the amber glory grow and wane.  
I feel upon my cheek the evening breeze.  
Joy lives forever! I have found again  
My long-lost sunset of the orchard trees!

## A SONG TO GIULIA

DERE ees a tree een Mad'son Square  
Dat stan' bayfore me now;  
An' he ees old an' tweest' an' bare,  
Weeth holes een trunk an' bough.  
He stan' so ogly an' alone,  
Dees good-for-notheeng tree,  
He could be brother of my own,  
He ees so lika me.

See now dat tree een Mad'son Square  
W'en blows da weentra storm!  
So manny leetla birds are dere  
Eenside hees heart so warm.  
Now he ees proud, dat ogly tree,  
An' strong and happy, too.  
Ah! so da heart eensida me  
Dat warm my thoughts of you!

## THE TIDES OF LOVE

**F**LO was fond of Ebenezer—  
“Eb,” for short, she called her beau.  
Talk of tides of Love, great Caesar!  
You should see them—Eb and Flo.

WHEN DORANDO BEAT  
HAYES

YOU theenk eet strange for dat I am  
So meek, so quiet lika lamb,  
Eenstead for brag a leetla beet  
About da greata grandafeat  
Of leetla Dagoman dat ran  
An' beat so bad da Irishman?  
Of course, signor, eet eesa true  
I like to say a word or two.  
But w'at'sa use? Een deesa lan'  
Dere ees so manny Irishman  
Dat ees so queeck for gat excite'  
An' alla tima wanta fight,  
I notta care for show da pride  
An' joy my heart ees feel eenside.  
Dorando ees so strong, so gran',  
He need no be afraid for stan'  
Een front of manny Irishman  
An' brag a leetla beet, an' tal  
How slow dey are; but I, mysal',  
I no can run so verra wal.

## THE ABSENT-MINDED SHE

**S**HE called me “Jack!” But instantly  
She blushed as red as red could be,  
And bit her lip, as if to show  
She meant not to have spoken so;  
All which I was not slow to see.

’Twas something of a shock to me;  
I felt no very great degree  
Of palpitating joy, although  
She called me “Jack.”

It was, indeed, a mystery  
Until I thought of John Supplee.

Was *he* her “Jack,” I’d like to know?  
You see, my given name is “Joe.”  
The absent-minded, fickle She—  
She called me “Jack!”

## W'AT'S A "NORAY SUICIDE?"

**I**RISH Padre Tommeeckbride  
Laugh so mooch an' hold hees side,  
I no mak' heem ondrastan',  
Dough I talk so good's I can,  
W'en to-day I go for see  
Eef he pleassa marry me.  
Den he call me soocha name  
Eet ees maka me ashame'.

"Pleassa, Padre"—so I speak—  
"I want marry nexta week."  
"So?" he look at me an' say,  
"You be bapatiza, eh?"  
"No," I say, "you are meestak';  
Weddin's w'at I want you mak'."  
Steell how mooch I am esplain  
I no gat eet een hees brain.  
Alla time he justa cries:  
"Where an' w'en you bapatize?"

Den my Rosa's brothra Joe—  
He ees weetha me, you know,

An' ees smart as he can be—  
He ees wheespera to me.  
“Oh!” I say, for now ees plain  
Mebbe so w'at Padre mean,  
“First we want da weddin' here;  
Bapatisma nexta year!”  
Den da Padre laugh an' say:  
“Noraysuicida, eh?”

Why you laugha? Dat'sa shame,  
Callin' poor man soocha name!  
Why ees Padre Tommeeckbride  
Call me “Noraysuicide”?

## DA NO-GOOD WORKAMAN

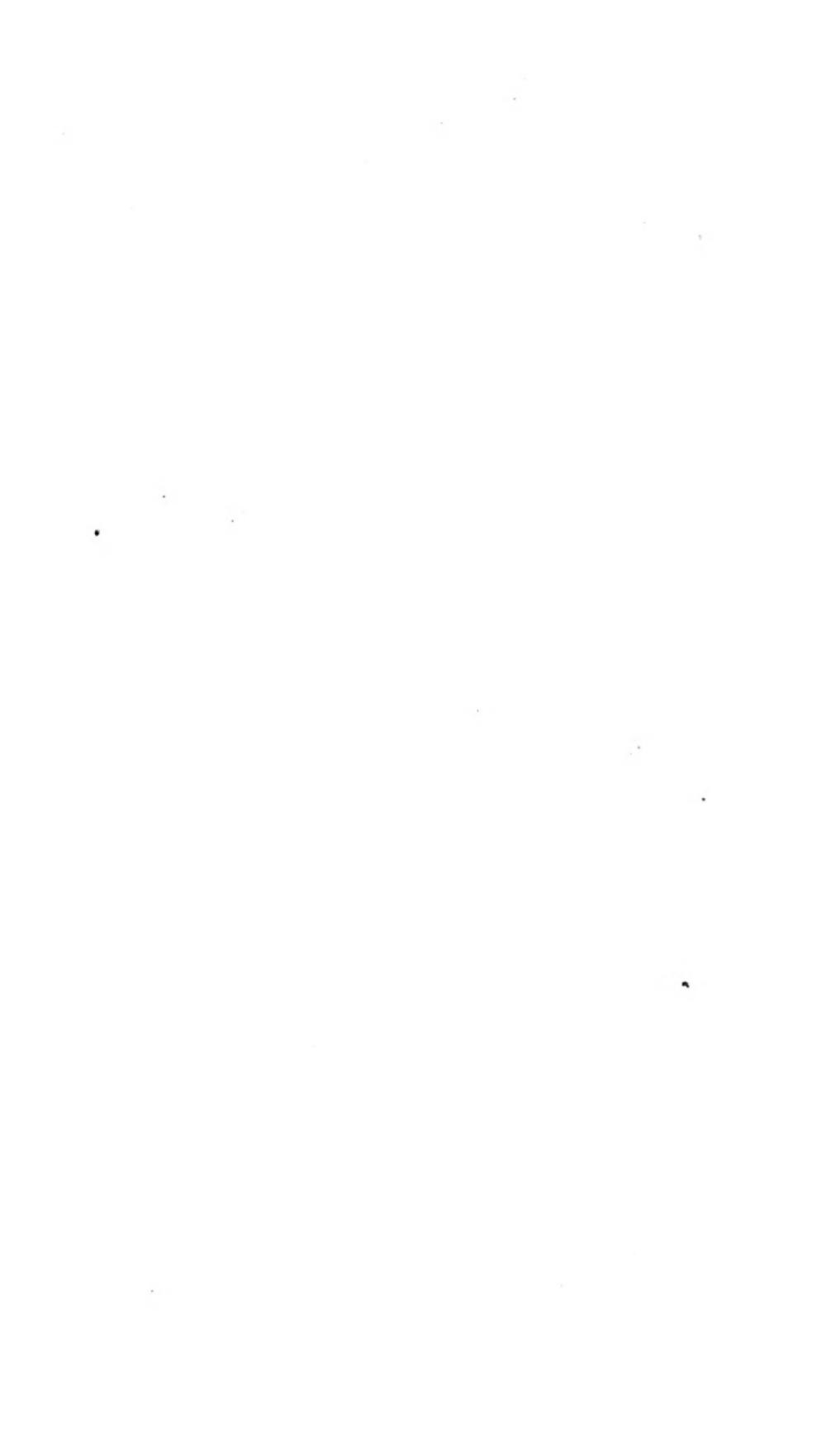
I AM ashame' weeth deesa man  
For dat he ees Italian,  
An' justa lazy slob;  
We no could mak' good 'Merican  
Of Joe Marelli from Milan—  
An' so he lose hees job.

Las' mont' w'en he ees landin' here,  
He feel so strange an' look so queer,  
I'm sad for heem as I can be  
An' gat heem job for work weeth me  
For deeg da tranch een deesa street.  
At first he's verra glad for eet,  
But steell eet ees no verra long  
Bayfore he eesa gona wrong.  
At evra stranja sight an' sound  
He drop hees peeck an' looka 'round.  
Eef mebbe so a sparrow hop  
Near where he work eet mak' heem stop  
So, too, he watch eef on da street  
Som' cheeldran com' weeth dancin' feet;  
An' som'time w'en from far away  
He hear da banda moosic play,

He stan' weeth head on wanna side  
An' ears an' moutha open wide.  
Wan time w'en breeze dat sweep da street  
Breeng newspaper to hees feet,  
He tak' an' try for readin' eet!

But theeng dat tak' hees job away  
Ees dees dat happen yestaday:  
Som' lady drop from passin' car,  
Right een da streeta where we are,  
Beeg boncha flower dat's halfa dead,  
But pretta, yallow, white an' red—  
You know dees flower weeth bushy head?  
Chreesanthew'at? Ah! yes, dat's eet—  
Wal, Joe he see dem een da street  
An' run an' grab dem uppa queeck,  
An' den he tak' dem back an' steeck  
Dem up on top da dirta pile,  
An' lay dem out een soocha style  
An' feex dem weeth so fina care,  
You theenk for sure dey growin' dere!  
An' pretta soon dey catch da eye  
Of evra wan dat's passin' by.  
Eh? Sure dey looka pretta so,  
But seence eet ees no *work*, you know,  
Da boss raise som'theeng alse for Joe!





So I am 'shame' weeth deesa man  
For dat he ees Italian,  
An' soocha lazy slob;  
We no could mak' good 'Merican  
Of Joe Marelli from Milan—  
An' so he lose hees job.

## O C H !

O CH ! the year is gettin' gray,  
Like a man that's had his day,  
Waitin', jisht, to fade away  
An' none to pity.

Och ! the way the winds do blow !  
Little ease o' them ye'll know,  
Whether in the fields ye go  
Or in the city.

Och ! how fasht the leaves do fall !  
Reekin' fires an' smoky pall—  
Och ! 'tis like a funeral,  
So cold an' sober.

Och ! the stillness ev'rywhere !  
Och ! there's witches in the air !  
Och ! the smell o' death that's there !  
Och ! Och-tober !

## THE GOLDEN GIRL

RED hair!  
Isn't it quare?

Once on a time I'd do nothin' but jeer at it.

Now, faith,

Look at me teeth,

See how I show them an' growl when you  
sneer at it.

Brown eyes?

"Muddy wid lies,"

"Dull an' deceitful," I once was decidin'  
them;

But—whack!—

Yours will go black

Under me fist now, if you'd be deridin' them.

What's more,

Freckles galore

Made a complexion the worst I could deem  
of it;

But now—

You must allow

They give a touch o' pure gold to cream of it.

Some girls  
Flaunt the red curls,  
But it is blue eyes inundher that gaze at ye;  
Some own  
Freckles alone—  
Let them be oglin' as much as they pl'ase  
at ye.

*One* charm  
Needn't alarm;  
Fear not the lass who is only unfoldin' one;  
But she  
Blessed wid all three—  
Like my own Nora—Och! *She* is the golden  
one.

## L A B O R ' S   S A B B A T H

LET this, Labor's Sabbath-day,  
Be a day of pleasure.  
Toll no bells and nothing play  
But a jolly measure.  
Labor's very self is prayer,  
Serious and holy;  
So its holiday should wear  
Naught of melancholy.

Sure, no temple walls should irk  
Labor's gala spirit,  
Whose least sounds of daily work  
Soar to Heaven or near it.  
We could build no fitting fane  
Dedicate to Labor,  
Till the World shall learn again  
Love of God and neighbor;  
As, of old, the pure of heart  
(You have heard the story)  
Reared Cathedral walls at Chartres,  
Still its greatest glory.  
Prince and peasant, belle and wench,  
Toiling in all weather,

Hauled the stone and dug the trench,  
Praising God together.

Those who set their hates aside  
Only were selected;  
And who would not were denied  
And their gifts rejected.

Love endureth over art,  
Art is transitory,  
But the twain combined at Chartres  
Blossomed into glory.

Till the World shall strive again  
Thus for God and neighbor,  
We shall rear no fitting fane  
Dedicate to Labor.

So let Labor's Sabbath-day  
Be a day of pleasure.  
Toll no bells and nothing play  
But a jolly measure.  
Labor's very self is prayer,  
Serious and holy;  
So its holiday should wear  
Naught of melancholy.

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### A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS SONG

LORD, I'm just a little boy,  
Born one day like You,  
And I've got a mother dear  
And a birthday, too.  
But my birthday comes in spring,  
When the days are long,  
And the robin in the tree  
Wakens me with song.  
Since the birds are all away,  
Lord, when You are born,  
Let Your angels waken me  
On Your birthday morn.

Lord, I'm just a little boy,  
Hidden in the night;  
Let Your angels spy me out  
Long before it's light.  
I would be the first to wake  
And the first to raise  
In this quiet house of ours  
Songs of love and praise.

You shall hear me first, dear Lord,  
Blow my Christmas horn;  
Let Your angels waken me  
On Your birthday morn.

## UNDER THE HOLLY

“THIS is not the mistletoe;  
It is merely holly.  
You’ve no right to kiss me so;  
This is not the mistletoe,  
That has berries white as snow;  
These are red,” said Molly.  
“This is not the mistletoe,  
It is merely holly.”

“This *must* be the mistletoe,  
Though it looks like holly,  
Though the berry’s red,” said Joe,  
“This must be the mistletoe.  
Every berry’s blushed to know  
’Twas not fair as Molly.  
This must be the mistletoe,  
Though it looks like holly.”

## A C H R I S T M A S C A R O L

**T**HERE was a Star whose light,  
Mystical and holy,  
Shone through the quiet night  
O'er a stable lowly.  
Sing praise to God on high!  
And rejoice that He  
Thus should beatify  
Humble poverty.

A Merrie Christmas, Gentlefolk!  
And may your wealth and pride  
Be mindful of the humble ones  
This blessed Christmastide.

There was a Little Child,  
Innocent and holy,  
Born of the Virgin mild  
In that stable lowly.  
Sing praise to God, who gave  
Unto you and me  
Such Gift our souls to save!  
Oh! the Charity!

A Merrie Christmas, Gentlefolk!  
And may your wealth and pride  
Be mindful of the humble ones  
This blessed Christmastide.

## DA COLDA FEET

**D**A beggarman across da way  
Ees happy as can be;  
He laugh an' weenk baycause he theenk  
He gotta joke on me.

O! my! O! my! how cold eet ees  
For stan' on deesa street!  
Da weends blow like dey gona freeze  
Da shoes upon your feet.  
I nevva see een deesa town  
So fierce da weentra storm;  
I keepa hoppin' up an' down  
For mak' my feeta warm.  
But beggarman across da way  
He stan' against da wall,  
So like eet was a summer day;  
He ees no cold at all.  
Ees justa box een fronta heem  
For hold hees teenna cup,  
But he bayhava so eet seem  
A stove for warm heem up.  
An' evra time he look an' see  
How colda man am I,

He justa weenk an' laugh at me  
So like he gona die!  
An' so I leave dees fruita stan'  
An' walka 'cross da street  
For see how ees dees beggarman  
Can keep so warma feet.  
I look, an' dere I see da legs  
Dat prop heem by da wall  
Ees notheeng more dan wooden pegs—  
He got no feet at all!

Eef colda feet should mak' you swear  
An' growl so bad as me,  
I bat your life you would no care  
So mooch eef you could see  
Da beggarman across da way,  
So happy as can be,  
Dat laugh an' weenk baycause he theenk  
He gotta joke on me!

## SONG OF THE CHRIST-MAS TREE

ONCE out of midnight sweet with mystery  
The wonder of all wonders came to be;  
So shall the dawn a marvel make of me.  
For when in all my beauty I am born  
In the first glimmer of the Christmas morn,  
Angels of innocence in mortal guise  
Shall look upon me with their faith-big eyes;  
And, looking, see  
A greater thing in me  
Than the bare figure of a tree.  
Behold! in every limb  
I thrill with praise of Him  
For whom I stand in memory.

Kings of the East and wise men three there were  
Who brought to Him rare frankincense and myrrh.  
So do my balsamed branches when they stir  
In the warm airs that move about this room,  
And render forth their homage in perfume.

Lift up your hearts anew, O! care-worn  
men,  
Look up with glad, believing eyes again;  
And, looking, see  
A greater thing in me  
Than the bare figure of a tree.  
Behold! in every limb  
I thrill with praise of Him  
For whom I stand in memory.

## DA POLEETICA BOSS

**G**IUSEPPE Baratta ees great politeesh';  
He w'at you call "Dago poleetica  
boss."

He peeck da best man for da Pres'dant  
poseesh',

An' show how you vote jus' by maka da  
cross.

He say: "Nevva minda w'at som'body tal  
W'at dees man or dat man ees goin' do  
for you.

You no ondrastan' deesa theeng verra wal,  
So jus' wait an' see w'at I tal you to do."

Giuseppe he study an' theenk an' he work  
So hard for deescovra w'eech side eesa  
best,

Ees nobody else een da ceety Noo York  
So theen like he gat an' so needa da rest.

Ees holes een hees shoe where da toes ees  
steeck through;

Hees clo'es dey are look jus' so bad as  
dey can.





He say: "Eet ees harda for know w'at to  
do—

I guess we weell vote for da Democrat  
man."

But steell he work hard for be sure he ees  
right,

An' study som' more; an' so—presto!—  
wan day,

He com' weetha face ees so shiny an' bright,  
I see dat at las' he ees find da right way.

He gotta new shoes an' new pants an' new  
coat

An' looka so styleesh an' fine as he can.

He say: "Ees meestak'! We gon' chanja  
dat vote.

Ees besta for vote for Republica man."

Giuseppe Baratta ees great politeesh';  
Hees heart ees so true an' hees brain ees  
so bright,

He work an' he study, baycause he no weesh  
For mak' up hees mind teell he sure he  
ees right.

## THOUGHTS OF ROSA

EF only flow'rs dalight your eye  
An' museeck please your ear,  
Baycause dey mak' you theenk an' sigh

For her you lova dear,  
Ees mebbe so da girl you trace  
Een soocha softa theeng,  
Ees only pretta een da face  
Or gotta voice to seeng.

But, O! da wife I gona gat  
She ees so fine an' strong an' fat!  
You nevva could su'posa  
How mooch I meet  
Een ceety street  
Dat mak' me theenk of Rosa.

I nevva see da horse so strong  
Dat pull an' worka so,  
I nevva hear da louda song  
Dat steama-wheestles blow—  
All theengs een deesa beezy worl'  
Dat nevva stop for rest—  
Weethouta theenkin' of da girl  
Dat I am love da best.

For, O! da wife I gona gat  
She ees so fine an' strong an' fat!  
You nevva could su'posa  
How mooch I meet  
Een ceety street  
Dat mak' me theenk of Rosa.

## O U L D M A T T'E W M O R A N

“O CH! ’tis he that looks natural, layin’  
there dead,”

Said ould Matt’ew Moran,  
“Wid the palms at his feet an’ the lights at  
his head

An’ the cross in his han’.

Heart an’ soul are at rest,  
An’ it’s all for the best,”

Said ould Matt’ew Moran.

When he’d laid by his coat an’ had hung up  
his hat,

An’ had shuffled away to a corner an’ sat  
Wid his stick twixt his knees an’ his han’s on  
the crook,

’Twas himsel’, an’ no less, had the “natural  
look.”

For the folk o’ the parish were wont to  
declare

Ne’er a wake a success unless Matt’ew was  
there.

“ ‘Tis a sorrowful world,” he leaned over  
an’ said

To the man by his side, wid a shake of his  
head;

“There’s so much in it now that’s deceitful  
an’ wrong,

’Tis a blessin’ our fri’nd here was took  
while he’s young.”

“He was siventy-five lasht July,” said the  
man,

“An’ I doubt if ye’re more than that,  
Misther Moran.”

Wid a tap o’ the end of his stick on the floor,

“Sure, a man is as ould as he feels—an’ no  
more!”

Said ould Matt’ew Moran.

“Och! the breed o’ men found in these days!

’Tis a crime!

Sure, they’re not the strong stuff that was  
raised in my time.

Who’s the nixt wan to go? If ye’ll jisht look  
around,

Ye'll find manny a sickly wan here, I'll be bound.

There's no life in them now like the lads in my day."

So he sat in his chair an' jisht muttered away,  
While the neighbors came in an' passed out  
o' the door

In a stiddy procession. Ten minyits or more  
Since the ould man had spoken, the man by  
his side

Found him sittin', asleep, wid his mouth open  
wide.

Undisturbed in his corner they let him  
dream on

Till the lasht o' the neighborly mourners  
was gone.

"I've been noddin'," sez he, as he rose to  
his feet;

"Och! the houses these days are jisht  
murthered wid heat,"

Growled ould Matt'ew Moran.

"There's so much in the world that's deceit-  
ful an' wrong,"

Said ould Matt'ew Moran,

“ ‘Tis a blessin’ indeed to be took whin ye’re  
young,

Like that dacint young man.

Well, there’s wan gone to rest,

An’ it’s all for the best,”

Said ould Matt’ew Moran.

## I L G R I L L O

YOU like to go to Italy,  
You weesh for veesit Roma?  
All right, you com' an' seet weeth me  
To-night w'en I am homa.  
Dough mebbe so da weentra storm  
Outside ees nevva quiet,  
Da keetchen fire weell be warm  
While we are seettin' by it;  
An' eef so be you close your eyes  
You easy can pretanda  
You are beneath da sunny skies  
Dat smile upon my landa.  
An' pretta soon, so sweet, so clear,  
W'en evratheeng ees steel, O!  
W'at pretta song ees dees you hear?  
Il grillo, O! il grillo!

Ha! nevva mind da snow,  
An' how da weend ees blow:  
"Hoo-woo! hoo-woo! hoo-wee!"  
For here eet's warm, an', O!  
Il grillo seenga so:  
"Cher-ree! cher-ree! cher-ree!"

How com's he to dees colda clime  
To seeng so far from homa?  
I catch heem manny, manny time  
W'en I am boy een Roma.  
I catch heem een da fields an' tak'  
Heem back eento da ceety,  
Where reecha peopla try to mak'  
Deir gardens fine an' pritty.  
Dey are so glad for hear heem seeng  
Dey no can gat too manny,  
An' so for evra wan I breeng  
Dey geeva me a penny.  
Dough here hees song ees justa same,  
Hees name I no can speak eet—  
Eh? w'at you call hees Anglaice name?  
Ah! "creecket," yes, "da creecket."  
  
'Sh! nevva mind da snow,  
An' how da weend ees blow:  
"Hoo-woo! hoo-woo! hoo-wee!"  
For here eet's warm, an', O!  
Il grillo seenga so:  
"Cher-ree! cher-ree! cher-ree!"

## THE ONE THING LACKING

**O**H! my, signor, eet eesa true  
Dere's jus' wan theeng I envy you;  
Eef I was *borna* 'Merican,  
I sure would be da happy man.

You see, dere ees a girl I know  
Dat's name' Bianca D'Angelo;  
Italian, of course, but she  
Com' verra yo'ng from Italy.  
She's pretta girl an' verra bright,  
An' she can speak an' read an' write  
Dees Anglaice jus' so good as you;  
An' alla time she's crazy, too,  
For readin' books dat tal you of  
All kinda peopla makin' love;  
An' som'times I am workin' near  
An' justa can'ta halp but hear.  
Wal, w'en she's readin' so wan day,  
She stop an' looka far away,  
Den to da girl nex' door she say:  
"Da man I gona love mus' be  
Da handsomest I evva see.  
He mus' be brave an' fulla fun,

Yat strong for maka playnta mon';  
An' he mus' have good disposeesh'  
An' geeve me evratheeng I weesh.  
An' w'en dees pretta hero com'  
For mak' me queen of all hees home,  
All common peopla een da land  
Mus' standa' 'round an' clap da hand  
Baycause he ees so fine an' grand!  
He mus' be all dese theengs—an' he  
True borna 'Merican mus' be."

Eet's jus' dose last few word, you see,  
Dat's spoilin' evratheeng for me!  
Eef I was *borna 'Merican,  
I* sure would be da happy man.

## B U S I N E S S   D I P L O M A C Y

ES fat Dootch barber gotta shop  
 T'ree door from deesa bootblack stan',  
 An' w'en he see da trade I gat  
 He try for bust me eef he can,  
 An' so he geeeve outside hees shop  
 A chair for neegger bootblack man.

You theenk dat I am feela bad  
 For see heem gat som' trade I had?  
 Ah! no, my frand,  
 I mak' pretend  
 To smile an' seeng, I am so glad.

Firs' theeng you know ees Meester Smeeth  
 Dat use' for gat hees shine from me,  
 He stop for shine from neegger man.  
 I mak' pretend I do not see,  
 But neegger man he mak' da face  
 An' ees so glad as he can be.

You theenk dat I am feela bad  
 For see heem gat dees trade I had?  
 Ah! no, my frand,  
 I mak' pretend  
 To smile an' seeng, I am so glad.

Nex' day w'en comesa Meester Smeeth,  
I say, "Good-morna" justa same.  
So jus' baycause I am polite  
Eet mak'sa Meester Smeeth ashame'.  
So he com' back; so evra wan  
Ees com' back where dey always came!

Da neegger man ees gatta mad,  
An' growl an' swear; he feel so bad.  
But I, my frand,  
I mak' pretand  
I do not see—but I am glad.

## A N I D Y L L O F O L D J O Y S

WHY shouldn't I speak of our exploit  
that morning out at the farm?  
Undignified? What if it was, Judge? We  
didn't do any great harm;  
And nobody saw us, that's certain, for the  
rest of the folks were asleep,  
And—well—O! well, Judge, it's a story and  
really too good to keep.  
Besides, you're to blame for it all, Judge,  
for you must admit it was you  
Suggested the thing; and I'm certain I'd  
never have gone if you two,  
Yes, you and your crony, the Colonel, hadn't  
tapped at my bedroom door,  
Disturbing my peaceful slumber at the  
ridiculous hour of four.  
The "best time to fish," you assured us, and  
hopefully led us away  
Up over the hills that were faintly predict-  
ing the coming of day,  
And so, to the lake in the hollow, green-  
rimmed by its deep-wooded shores,

And then, when we got in the boat, Judge,  
with you hard at work with the oars,  
We found you'd forgotten the bait—Eh?  
What nonsense! Of course, it was you.  
We brought your fault home at the time,  
Judge, and made you acknowledge it,  
too.

O! well, let it pass. Then the Colonel benignly remarked that although  
Our fishing was off for that morning, we  
ought to have something to show;  
We shouldn't go home empty-handed, he  
said, and suggested the joys  
Of hunting those silly pond-lilies, like so  
many Sunday school boys.  
You fell into line with the notion and started  
to row us in-shore,  
And then we discovered that spring-board  
we never had noticed before.  
We gazed at the board and each other, and  
gazed at the spring-board again;  
You trailed one fat hand in the water and  
twiddled your fingers—and then  
You gave us the two-fingered signal that no  
fellow ever forgets.

We looked and we grinned at each other and  
whispered in chorus: "Let's!"  
There wasn't a soul there to see us, so we  
just beached the boat with a rush  
And fell to discarding our garments in the  
leafy underbrush.  
And I was first in—what? Nonsense! All  
right, we'll say you were the first,  
But, say, Judge, your plunge from that  
spring-board was positively the worst.  
I know; you just thought you'd be pretty and  
dove too high and too straight,  
Fetched bottom, and came up snorting and  
rubbing your shiny pate.  
I had to laugh so at the Colonel—Ungainly?  
Yes, wasn't he, though?  
My dive? Well, it would have been grace-  
ful if you hadn't hurried me so.  
But, say, when you ducked the poor Colonel,  
I thought that was shabby of you,  
And you sixty-four last December and he  
only sixty-two!  
It served you right, too, that you had to  
"chaw beef" when you started to dress.  
What? Me? Why, I didn't do that, Judge;  
that trick was the Colonel's, I guess.

But wasn't it great, though? And didn't  
you thrill when your body shot in,  
With nothing 'twixt you and the water, just  
nothing at all but your skin?  
We'd come to this lake rather often and  
bathed in the full light of day,  
With throngs of those summer sojourners  
who fritter their time in that way;  
But then there were thick bathing garments  
to cumber us, body and limb,  
And that sort of thing's but a "bath," Judge,  
but this was a regular "swim"!  
And then, walking back to the farmhouse,  
with the rising sun in your face,  
Just gilding the hilltops with glory, you  
thrilled with a newly-found grace  
That wakened a host of sweet memories  
these long years forgotten, and then—  
Say, Judge, if we go back next summer, I  
dare you to do it again!

## F I N E R C L A Y

SURE, I used to think a pipe was the  
glory of a man,

Troth I did then, Mary Ann.

Long before my years were ripe (wid a  
rattle in one han')

I would smoke one, Mary Ann.  
An', thinks I, there's nothin' gives  
To the grandest man that lives  
Such a finish, ye may say;  
An' it's well I mind the way  
That it nearly finished me.  
But I wouldn't let it be  
Till I liked it, Mary Ann.

Then I found an ould dhudeen was a comfort  
to a man,

An' none betther, Mary Ann;  
For wid that my teeth between, if I'd work  
to do or plan,

It was aisy, Mary Ann.  
An' the more I smoked my clay,  
All the more I worked away;  
An' my thoughts were keen an' long

When the pipe was goin' strong.  
For the two of us, ye see,  
Were just suited to a "t"  
Wid each other, Mary Ann.

So the pipe became my all, an' meself, a  
lonely man,  
Grew to love it, Mary Ann.  
But there's changes do befall that ye never  
un'erstan';  
Faith, they do, then, Mary Ann.  
An' to-night there's somethin' wrong;  
For I've sat here thinkin' long,  
But my thoughts an' pipe don't fit,  
For I cannot keep it lit.  
What I'm tellin' ye is true,  
An' the throuble, dear, is *you*—  
Sure, it's jealous, Mary Ann!

THE CHRISTMAS READ-  
ING

THE herald winds of Christmas sleep  
High-cradled on the wooded steep.  
The far stars only are a-thrill  
With life; the night is cold and still.  
Come, gather 'round the ingle-nook  
And from its shelf take down the book  
Wherein the master's genius drew  
Those pictures old, but ever new;  
Whose "Christmas Carol's" deathless chime  
Beats down the envious touch of time.  
Here let the children sit, and there  
Beneath the lamp's light place thy chair.  
Take, thou, the book, O! golden voice,  
And read the pages of thy choice.  
Tell us of Scrooge and Marley's ghost,  
Of all our favorites old; but most,  
Tell us with tenderness of him  
We laugh and weep with—Tiny Tim.  
Call thou the soul to every face  
About thee in this holy place.





We shall not be ashamed at all  
For frank, sweet tears you cause to fall;  
But fervently, with eyelids dim  
And hearts attuned to Tiny Tim,  
We'll quote his words when you have done,  
And say, "God bless us, every one!"









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